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Victor Canning

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THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Von Werra, German p.o.w. on the run, tries to steal a secret plane from an English airfield

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 NOVEMBER 3, 1956 VOLUME 100 NUMBER 2627

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Victor Canning has an active background for action stories

VICTOR CANNING'S first ambition was to be a sailor. That came to nothing because he failed the navy's stringent medical examination, and he had to take an office job. Next, he decided that a writer's life was the one for him. This career had a depressing start when he tore up the manuscript of his first novel in disgust.

But he tried again. His second novel was accepted by a publisher and Victor Canning, the adventure writer, was on his way to fame. He's rarely had to tear up a manuscript since, and several of his books have made successful films. His latest story, *Message To The Mainland*, appears on page 11.

Now in his forties, Canning has the background to be a writer of virile, action-packed stories. A tall, pale man with the quiet, unhurried air of an adventure hero, he served in North Africa and Italy during the war and was a member of a secret mission working on experimental warfare. His early passion for the sea is now satisfied by sailing—though he admits to a fear of falling overboard.

At his home, in ten acres of Kent's hard-working farmland, Canning keeps set working hours. He writes for three hours or so in the morning, and three more in the afternoon. His wife, a former journalist, helps him with cutting and revising. They have two teenaged daughters. Canning takes a business man's interest in his farm. "But as for gardening, I only like mowing the lawn."

WHILE Peter Edward Hodgson was writing a thesis on cosmic rays, he persuaded the authorities to send him and his colleagues to the Jungfraujoch in Switzerland. Theirs was the sort of work best done at high—or very low—altitudes. "We had a wonderful time," says Hodgson. But when some French colleagues engaged on similar work were sent to the Sahara, Hodgson called a halt. "For us, it might have been Everest next."

That "holiday" thesis made Hodgson a Doctor of Philosophy at the age of twenty-two. It also made him an authority on the dangers of atomic radiation, about which he writes on page 14. Now only twenty-seven, Hodgson is already recognized as one of the most outstanding young atomic scientists in Britain. After studying the experimental side of atomic science, which included a spell at Harwell, he has returned to London where, as a member of the research staff of University College, he is applying himself to theoretical nuclear physics.

Hodgson finds his work completely absorbing; it leaves him little time for outside interests. "My colleagues play cricket," he admits, "but I don't even go along as scorer." Nevertheless, he relishes the opportunity of meeting fellow scientists from all over the world and working with them by correspondence. The only trouble is that one can get too immersed with foreign colleagues. "As often as not," Hodgson reflects, "I know more about what goes on in Japan than about the laboratory next door."

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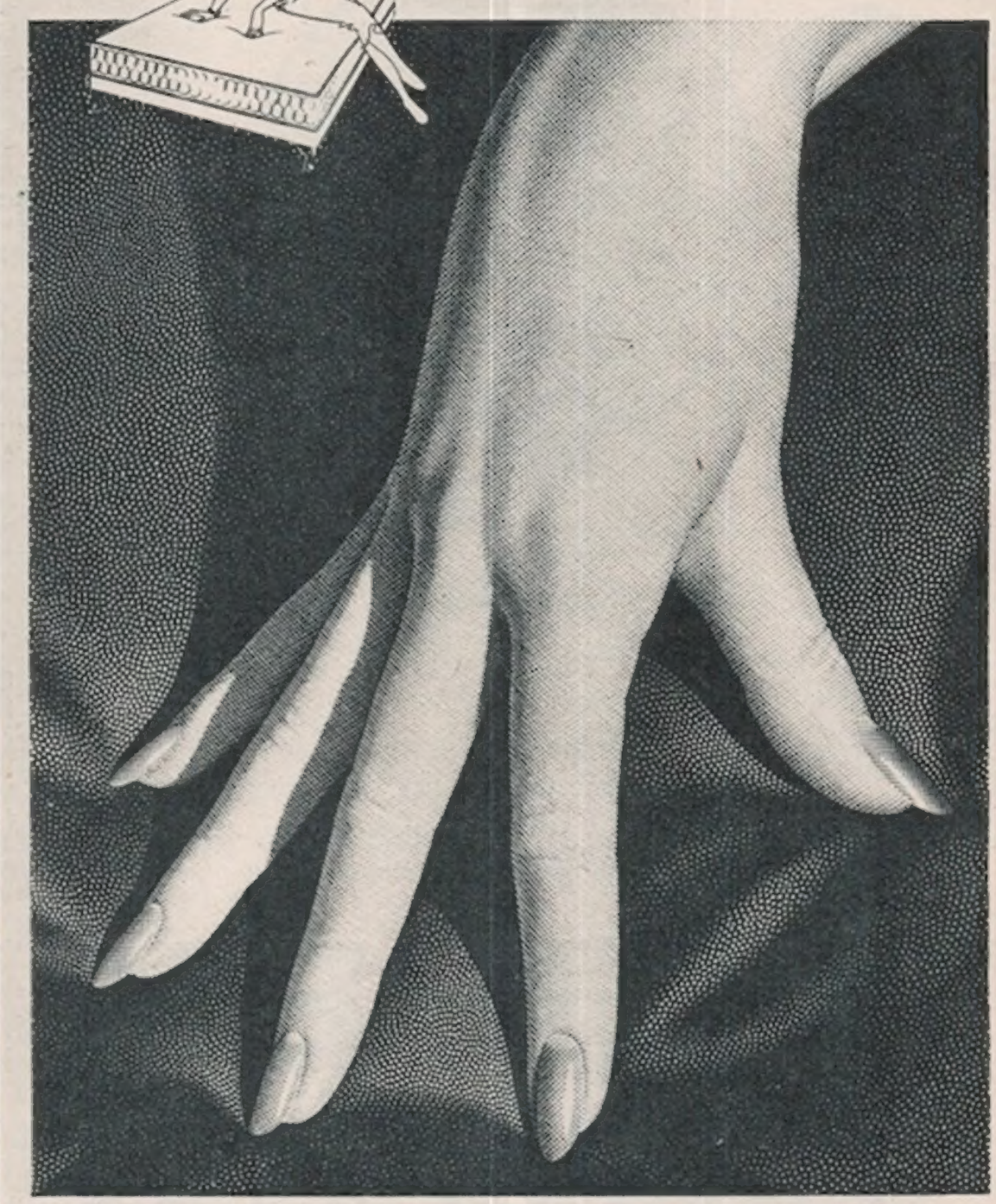

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Free Speech

- **Wasted hours in hospital queues**
- **Short shrift for long service**
- **Quick off the mark for courtesy**

RECENTLY I had the misfortune to have to visit a London eye hospital. I was told to be there at 1.45 p.m. and there were hundreds of other patients with appointments at quarter-hourly intervals until 4 p.m.

At 3.30, when I asked at what time I might hope to be seen, I was told that new patients were not seen until the end. If this is the case, surely the most intelligent thing to do is to make the appointment for later.

I have been to a local children's hospital with my child many times, and if the appointment was for 2.30 I could confidently expect to be seen at that time. If one hospital can do it, then I'm sure others can.—M. DAWE, Lewisham, London.

In 1954, the Minister of Health asked hospitals to ensure that patients were called for the time that they were expected to see the doctor, and to review their appointments systems periodically.

"But it is up to individual hospitals to decide on their own schemes," says the Health Ministry, "because circumstances differ."

Hard To Swallow

One day when I was in Stirling I went into a snack bar, where there was a notice which said: "Knives, forks, spoons and pepper are not medicine. Don't take them after meals."—MISS S. RUGG, Rosyth, Fife.

Versatile

I wonder why people think there is something particularly meritorious in spending years with the same firm—especially when they haven't progressed very far.

I have just had a letter from an old school friend, who says rather smugly that she has had a watch presented to her for twenty-five years as a typist.

In the same period I have been a teacher, book-keeper, secretary, shop assistant and journalist, have married twice, had two daughters and done numerous and varied spare time and occasional jobs.

My friend may have more money in the bank, but I can't help feeling that I have led a fuller life.—MRS. M. MURISON, Aberdeen.

Von Werra's Escape

I was a guard at Grizedale Hall ("The One That Got Away," JOHN BULL, October 6) and I read with satisfaction that von Werra's escape was not from the compound itself. I think this would have been impossible because we had only seventy yards to patrol on either side. At night we had powerful searchlights on a raised platform and in the sentry box was an electric button with which to signal the guard commander.—C. PRYOR, Wolverton, Bucks.

. . . "Tough and arrogant" German prisoners were rare and unforgettable. I was chief clerk at 84 Field General Hospital in Holland early in 1945 when a young German officer, dangerously ill through loss of blood, was admitted one day. Taken to the operating theatre for a transfusion, he demanded the surgeon's assurance that the blood plasma would be free from any Jewish "taint." After being given the obvious answer, he refused treatment and died.—J. E. RAINE, Airdrie, Lanarkshire.

Wait For It

The plight of the sauce-splashed customer in your cartoon (JOHN BULL, September 29) aptly illustrates a rhyme I learned years ago:

Shake and shake
The ketchup bottle.
Nothing comes and
Then a lot'll.

—L. B. PHILLPOTT, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

One Good Turn

Who says policemen aren't human? The other day, while driving through a built-up area, I stopped and got out of my car to help a blind man who was obviously trying to cross the road. When I had done this I noticed a police car waiting behind

me. The driver came up and said, "You've just redeemed yourself. You were doing speeds of between forty and forty-five miles an hour in a restricted area, and I was just about to overtake and book you. Good morning!"—J. R. BOWERS, Briar Walk, Darlington.

Necessary Noise

It may be true that "modern living makes human beings unfit to endure silence" ("Free Speech," October 13).

My teenage son and most of his contemporaries prefer to do their homework with the radio on at full blast. When asked how they can possibly concentrate in such a din, the reply is always the same. "Quite easily, because it cuts out all the smaller, more irritating noises." Most of these boys had very good results in the G.C.E. examination, so it appears that the old adage, "Silence is golden" could be replaced by a modern one, "Noise is necessary."—MRS. E. L. OSBORNE, Truro, Cornwall.

Still There

United Kingdom coinage is not only legal in some territories which have no currency of their own ("Free Speech," October 6). The Irish, for example, use it every day, alongside their own.—D. R. WORTHINGTON, Crawley, Sussex.

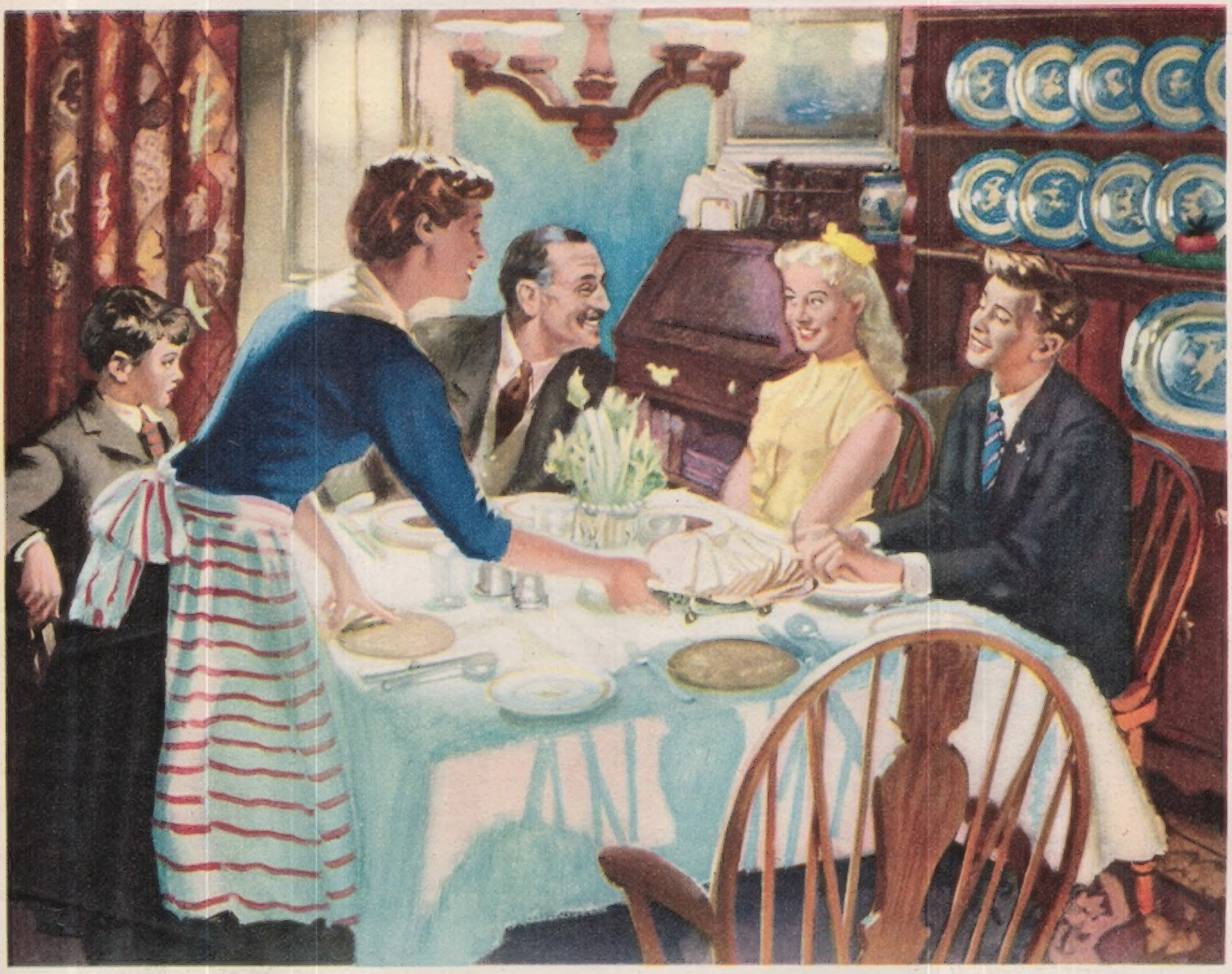
"Ireland introduced its own currency about thirty years ago," adds the Royal Mint. "Until then our currency was the only one used."

Counter Stroke

I was a grocer for many years and I prided myself on being very honest. In spite of this, however, I had repeated complaints from one of my customers about short weight ("Free Speech," October 13) during rationing. One day, after listening patiently to her usual complaint

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

In Sir John Cockcroft's article "Britain Plugs In To The Atom" (JOHN BULL, October 20), it was stated, due to a typing error, that: "By 1957 atomic power stations will bridge a gap equivalent to thirty or forty million tons of coal." This should have read 1975.



MEETING HIS PEOPLE

IT was time for supper. They all sat down. There was an awkward silence.

"Well, young woman . . ." Dad began. Mary giggled nervously. "Smells jolly good, Mum" said Tim, purely for something to say.

Young Tommy didn't say a word, but his face spoke volumes. Girls! Giggling! He wanted no part of it. For a moment Mother was silent too, thinking about Tim and Mary.

"Of course they can't marry yet" she thought, "they're much too young. But—yes, I like her. She's a nice girl."

She looked across at Mary, and smiled. "Will you have some bread, my dear?" she said.

To be sure of well-baked white or brown bread—now better than ever before and full of nourishment—look for the *Sunblest* symbol. Only *good* fresh bread baked by *good* bakers can carry this sign.

Sunblest bread is good bread

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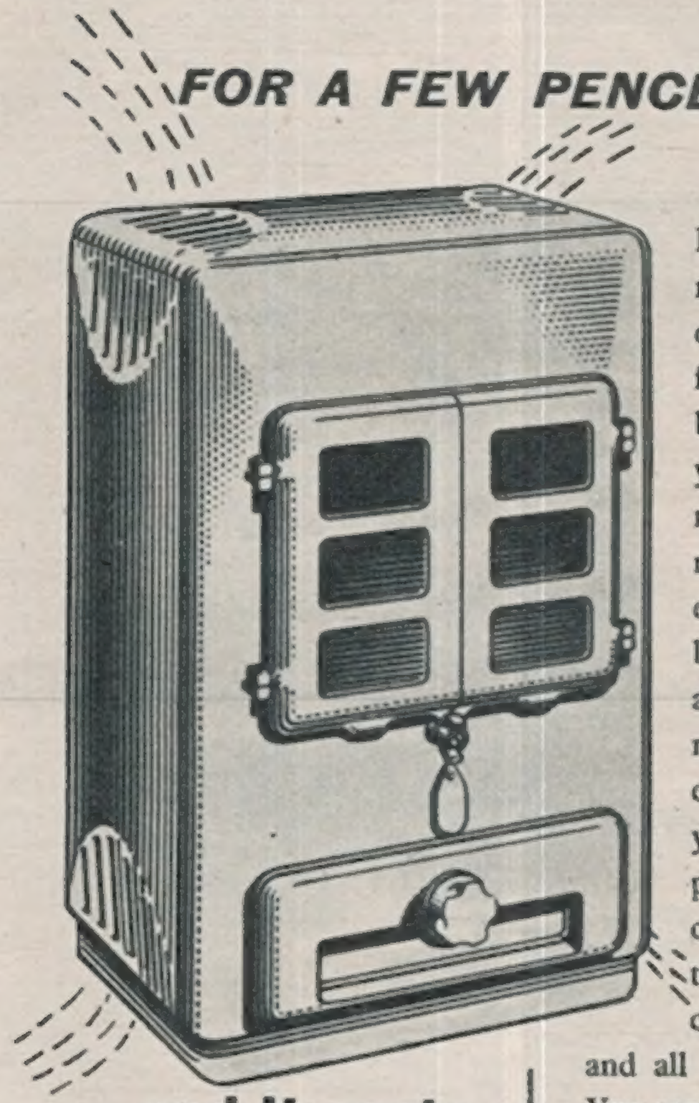
FOR A FEW PENCE A DAY!



It's a joy—the handsome new TORGLOW room heater! The lowest priced solid fuel stove of its size you can buy, the TORGLOW warms your room more efficiently, more economically. Precision made, beautifully finished—even to mesh-protected non-break windows—it both radiates and convects heat. That means heat is distributed evenly to every corner of your room. Clean, neat, compact it comes in ten modern colour schemes. It's ideal in the house where there are children. Will burn all day and all night, with little attention. You can even fit it with a small boiler if you want—it's all ready to receive it! See the magnificent TORGLOW room heater *first*.

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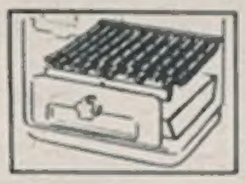

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

before a shop full of people, I asked her what kind of scales she used. "Oh, they're good ones," she said. "I paid 25s. for them before the war."

Mine cost just under £100 and were checked twice a year by inspectors of weights and measures.—H. J. BAKER, Irby, Wirral, Cheshire.

Trophies Of War

The photograph illustrating your article, "Power For Sale" (JOHN BULL, September 29) was obviously taken during Battle of Britain Week. I was on Horse Guards Parade when the Heinkel bomber arrived for display and, as an engineer, I was particularly interested to see how it was assembled, Meccano-fashion, from pieces kept in packing cases. I wonder how many German warplanes the R.A.F. has stored away in boxes, and what they are used for.

Incidentally, I notice that the motor mower in your picture has a four-stroke Dennis engine, not a Villiers.—JOHN THURSTON, Brentford, Middlesex.

"The R.A.F. has ten German warplanes," says the Air Ministry. "They are a Focke-Wulf 190; a Heinkel 111, a Junkers 87 and 88, various marks of Messerschmitt, and a first World War L.V.G. They are stored at a maintenance depot at Wraughton, Wiltshire, and are used only for exhibitions."

In The Clear

The cartoon showing a woman keeping her fingers crossed at the Customs (JOHN BULL, October 6) reminded me of an occasion when I was returning from the Continent.

After getting through the Customs without any trouble, my son—then aged seven—said, in a louder-than-usual voice: "Well, we made it, Dad!" Even though we had nothing to fear, I still expected to be hustled back and searched as a diamond smuggler or something equally serious. I kept my fingers crossed, too, and hoped that the Customs men hadn't heard.—G. A. L., Nottingham.

Sounds Like Home

Two sisters I know married two brothers. One couple emigrated to America, but as none of them is a good letter writer they rarely heard from each other.

Now both couples have bought tape recorders and each month they post a reel of tape to each other. At first this recorded messages only, but now they try to outdo each other in finding unusual sounds to record. When toasts are drunk, the liquid is heard being poured into the glass. Familiar household routines are recorded—husbands being encouraged to wash-up, the pressure cooker hissing, the

baby crying, neighbours sending greetings and the milkman calling.

It makes me wonder if letter writing won't die out altogether eventually. — ELIZABETH RUSSELL, St. Stephens Gardens, Bayswater, London.

The Dissenter

The Act of Uniformity 1552 ("Free Speech," October 6) did not insist only on members of the Church of England attending divine service, but non-members, or "non-conformists," as well.

Richard White, who was forcibly carried to church in chains, was consigned to the stocks, and to those who made to carry him there he said: "Don't bother. I'll go quietly to any punishments for my conscience's sake—even to the gallows. But to your schismatical gatherings, no."

In 1584, for refusing to accept the Act of Supremacy, he was hanged, drawn and quartered, calling upon the people as he suffered to witness that he died for the Catholic faith.—REV. S. J. VINCE, The Presbytery, College View, Llandovery, Carms.

No Way Out

When inquiring recently about making a journey by coach, I found in the printed conditions of travel this clause: "The company

will not accept any responsibility for loss, damage or delay of whatsoever nature to any luggage, however caused, whether or not by neglect or default of the company, their servants or agents."

This doesn't seem to be very fair. One would think that if a firm is negligent they should be liable to make good loss or damage.—NORMAN WILLIS, Ashford, Middlesex.

"Companies often insert a clause like this in order to try to protect themselves against frivolous claims," says a lawyer. "But they would find it very difficult to resist a claim for real negligence in spite of the clause."

Pathfinder

While motoring from Suffolk to London, I found myself at a road fork in the country and stopped, wondering for a while which route to take. Looking for a clue I happened to notice an I.T.V. aerial attached to the chimney of a cottage. This seemed to be a sure indication and I had no hesitation in deciding on my route.—W. R. P., Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

One Way Only

An Englishman was deported from Australia recently, another from Kenya and a third was refused admission to Bermuda. Yet nobody from the Dominions or Colonies can be deported from this country, however bad his character may be. The Commonwealth seems to be a very one-sided affair as far as the Englishman is concerned.—H. W. T., London, S.W.17.

"Britain cannot deport people from the Commonwealth because they are automatically British citizens, and as such are entitled to come to the mother country," says a lawyer. "But Englishmen are not automatically citizens of the Commonwealth countries, each of which makes its own laws."

Different Banns

Mrs. Bishop suggests posting banns of marriage outside a church, on the notice board ("Free Speech," October 13).

But a great many people in this country are married in Free Churches—Baptist, Methodist and Congregational—and in their case banns are not called at all, but are posted at the register office of the district in which they live. After twenty-one clear days a certificate is issued to them, and they in turn pass it on to the officiating minister or other "authorized person" for the church in which they are being married.—REV. H. T. CLEMENTS, Lytham St. Annes, Lancs.

Self Service

In a small Sussex village recently, my husband and I saw a sign saying, "Tomatoes, cucumbers and cut

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

LOOK INTO LINK

A homeful of furniture or a little at a time? LINK furniture is a sound choice either way.

For instance, you can buy one piece now—say a bureau—with the certainty that in a year's time you'll be able to link it up with a trolley-diner, or a settee with an armchair.

Try the deep comfort of Latex foam upholstery and see the gay, long-wearing fabrics.

There are lots of other reasons for looking into LINK, elegant design, beautiful woods, but we're running short of space . . . look into LINK for yourself at any good furniture shop or store, or at the Lebus Showrooms, 17-19 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

Shown here: 2 ft.9 ins. bureau, £26 . 4 . 9; 4 ft. 3 ins. sideboard, £28 . 17 . 3; trolley diner, £12 . 10 . 9; dining chair, £4 . 15. 9; carving chair, £6 . 9 . 3; drop-leaf dining table, £16 . 3 . 0. Northern Ireland prices on application.

There's a splendid book all about LINK furniture, which shows you all the LINK pieces, and gives you dozens of ideas for planning your house, flat or bed-sitting room. We've crammed it with pictures. So send this coupon off for your copy to— Dept. J.B.2 Harris Lebus Limited, 17-19 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

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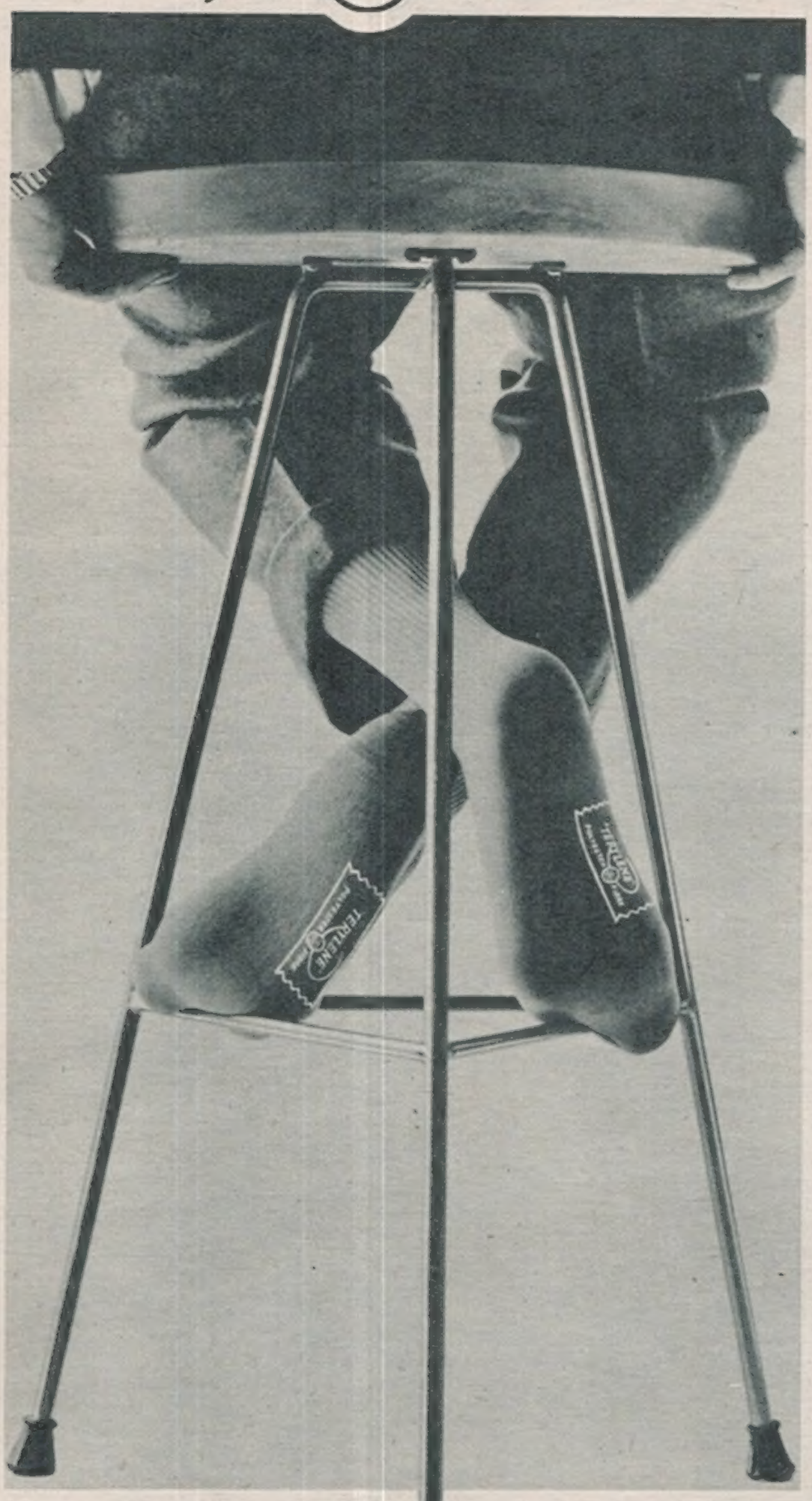

'Terylene' afoot!

It's a genial fact that 'Terylene' socks look as good and feel as pleasant as conventional socks — some think more so — yet keep their shape and original size through countless washings; dry swiftly; scorn darning. Such courteous behaviour gives you *terylenity:* the calm assurance of the well-socked man.

terylenity ahead!

100% spun 'Terylene' socks — ask for your size; and the new 'Stretch' 'Terylene' socks — they stretch to fit you snugly. Mention your usual size.

'Terylene' is the trademark for the polyester fibre made by Imperial Chemical Industries Limited.

TE107 IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

flowers for sale." We went back and saw another notice telling us to help ourselves. We wanted tomatoes, which were bagged up in pounds, so we took two bags, put the money in an open tin, took the correct change and came away with a warm feeling that in spite of what the pessimists say, the valuable quality of honesty was still very much with us. When we got home, we found that one bag weighed a pound and the other was a little over. — MRS. D. JORDAN, Ightham, Kent.

Colour Clash

People entrusted with wages, or any other valuable property ("Free Speech," October 13) should be supplied with a simple indelible dye powder that could be flung over attackers, thus assisting the police in their pursuit. Any pharmacist can supply Gentian Violet or Brilliant Green, which become visible immediately they come in contact with the moisture of the human skin.—A. J. TAWN, Moordown, Bournemouth.

Imaginative Tastes

In Leicester it is quite usual to see children playing with tops, five stones and, indeed, marbles ("Free Speech," September 29). But surely different generations have different ways of amusing themselves. Today's children seem to have far more imagination than those of the past. Some of them play at imitating space men, racing motorists, and pilots smashing sound barriers, as well as the inevitable cowboys and Indians. — MRS. M. CANT, Elsadene Avenue, Leicester.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Win £1,000 cash FREE for a cover title

BEHIND every JOHN BULL cover is a story. Can you sum up this week's in a few pithy words? If so, there is another opportunity to win £100 *free* in our cover title competition. But there's an even bigger attraction, too—the chance of winning the special *additional* prize of £900 for the best of all the winning titles in the series, which ends on December 8.

When you have decided on a title—consisting of not more than eight words—cut out the small reproduction of the cover printed at the foot of this page, paste it on the right-hand side of a plain postcard and write your title alongside it in BLOCK CAPITAL letters. Add your name and full postal address, then post the card (2d. stamp) to JOHN BULL, No. 7 Cover, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), to arrive not later than Monday, November 12, 1956.

The prize of £100 will be awarded for the most apt and original title received. Each reader may send one postcard only for this week's contest, and only one title may be written on each postcard. The prize will be shared in the event of a tie. The Editor's decision is final on all matters concerning the competition. Employees of the proprietors of JOHN BULL (also of associated companies) and their families are not allowed to enter.

WINNER OF COVER CONTEST No. 2

MR. E. MERCER of 40 Cedar Street, Blackburn, Lancashire, has won £100 in JOHN BULL'S second cover contest. His title for Mays's painting of the family in the orchard is: O JOYFUL DAY! OH! JOYLESS NIGHT.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO WIN £1,000 NEXT WEEK

THE COVER

Now Mother . . . count up to ten before you go storming in there. This is a mistake that any industrious youngster could make—particularly when someone's rash enough to leave pink shoes lying about. Anyway, it's a little late now to wonder what was keeping him so quiet. The long, mischievous gap between lunch and tea has been most effectively polished off in irrevocable black and Mother has learned a new lesson. Here's another that Coleman thinks her smudgy son will soon absorb: the road to an early bedtime is paved with good intentions.

Murraymints

the too-good-to-hurry mints

Suck a delicious MURRAYMINT flavoured (ever so discreetly) with a hint of mint. MURRAYMINTS have a taste you never tire of. They're mellow, refreshing and very long lasting. Everybody loves MURRAYMINTS so always keep some handy.

-with a delicious hint of mint!

BUSH give you VALUE

FULL specification Television from 59 GNS. Radio from £16

In Bush full-specification television you get all the features you need for first-rate reception, all the value you ask for every penny you spend. Each Bush set is backed by long years of experience. When you buy Bush, you invest in Bush reliability; you pin your faith, as thousands do, to a name with a record for trouble-free performance—a record second-to-none! You also have the advantage of the finest dealer service in the country. See *your* Bush dealer today. Ask him for full details and his expert opinion of the splendid Bush range of television and radio receivers.

14" TV. 53 **67 GNS** (tax paid)

VHF. 90 **22 GNS** (tax paid)
(In cream cabinet 23 GNS tax paid)

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Yes, Meltonian's new all-in-one Applier makes shoe cleaning a much easier job. Quicker. Less messy. Simpler in every way. All you have to do is squeeze the tube gently, the cream appears on the sponge pad, and you're ready to start.

Remember, too, that Meltonian Creams nourish and protect shoe leather and give it a brilliant lasting shine. All shoes—your husband's as well as your own—will last longer and stay smarter if you use Meltonian.

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SHOE CREAMS

with the NEW

ALL-IN-ONE APPLIER

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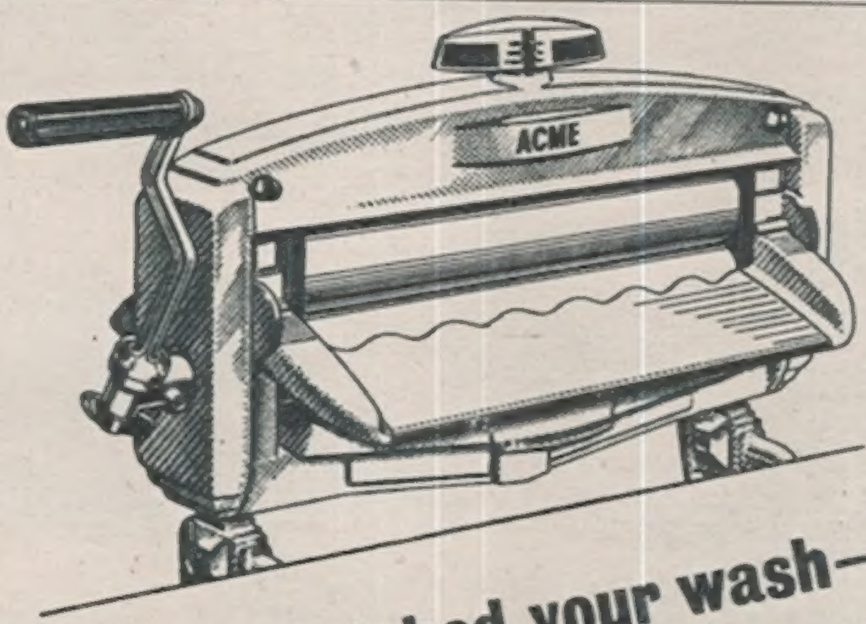
For footwear in all walks of life



You've finished your wash— but is it only half done?

However well you wash your clothes, the final results still depend on the wringing. And only Acme wringing makes it certain that washday after washday your clothes will be as clean, crisp and sparkling as ever you could desire. Five million women already know this. Whether they use a washing machine, sink or tub, they all say . . . .

However you wash— you should have **ACME** wringing

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Message to the mainland

by Victor Canning

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Pop Gallop's lighthouse was a safe hideout—if he would keep the fugitives' secret

IN the boat were a man and a woman. The sail had been whipped away by the wind, leaving only a scrap of canvas still at the masthead. The man had a pair of oars out and was fighting to keep the small craft from broadsiding to the rollers as it ran for the beach.

There was nothing old man Gallop could do. The wind whistled through the dead palm fronds over his head, and scurries of dry sand spiralled off the beach and beat against his face. The fellow in the boat was handling her well. . . . With luck they would make it.

Half an hour later when this Guinea Guster really got going nothing could have saved them. *Damn fools, anyway,* thought the old man, *to have come out on a day that had been full of bad weather signs.*

Spry for all his fifty-odd years, he trotted down to the water's edge. The boat roared in on a crest, smacked on to the sand and then was engulfed by the flood of the following wave. The craft turned on its side. The woman was swept forward, found her feet, and ploughed upwards through the wet sand carrying a small suitcase. The man shouted to Gallop and the old man joined him, gripping the bows of the boat, which the next wave had righted. They held it, fighting against the backwash and, with the next wave, drew it higher up the beach; and then, grunting and straining, hauled it high and dry. The mast was snapped just above its foot.

Old man Gallop stood back, panting. "You're

The girl's shoulder brushed his and she smiled. Pop knew her kind. "Make yourselves at home," he said

lucky," he said. "A little later and the sharks would have had a meal. . . ."

The other man smiled. "I'm always lucky."

He was young, hardly in his thirties. He was English, and the accent told Gallop—who had started in a Liverpool slum—that he had had all the advantages of education and wealth. Only birth and money could give you that kind of voice.

Yes, he was young, fair-haired, smiling and strongly built . . . but with a quick, nervous flick of the eyes that told old Gallop a lot. This man was always watching, looking round. At ease on the surface, but ready.

The old man's curiosity rose. Curiosity, when you've been a lighthouse keeper for fifteen years on an acre of island off the Opobo delta, came easily. You sat five miles off the African coast and curiosity was an itch, the need for gossip a disease.

The woman said: "Bart, I'm cold."

The man smiled again, moved to her and put his arm around her shoulders.

"Of course. However, Pop Gallop will look after us. We can dry off——"

"You know me?" the old man asked.

"Of course," the young man said. "Everyone knows Pop Gallop of the Opobo light. I'm Drawbell, Bart Drawbell. This is Miss Tema." He took the suitcase from the girl and they began to walk up towards the light.

Miss Tema. Old Gallop knew her kind. She was a mixture of Nigerian, French and the Lord-knew-what-else, a mixture that hit a man right between the eyes. She was dark-haired, with skin like twilight and a figure right out of the Arabian Nights. When you're an oldish man and you sit on an island alone for years, you dream of fair—and dark—women, and your thoughts become poetic. Her wet cotton dress clung to her like another skin.

Old man Gallop looked away at the wind-tossed palms, at the low wooden light structure and his quarters built alongside it. He was a God-fearing, decent man. His mother had begun that with many a beating, and he had grown into the habit for his own comfort. He told himself philosophically that the storm would blow out in a couple of days. They would go and he would be left with his books, his chess and the small patch of garden where he grew English flowers in defiance of an African sun.

He opened the door of his cabin for them to enter. The girl went first and her wet shoulder brushed against him. She looked at him and smiled; pomegranate lips and pearls for teeth, and the wantonness of three races in her blood. . . . To counteract the thought, old man Gallop told himself severely that in the morning he must remember to pinch out the tops of his young petunias and, for additional penance, begin the caulking of his own skiff, put off out of laziness too long.

He said: "Make yourselves at home. If you can't find what you want in these two rooms, I haven't got it. All yours. I must go and get the light ready."

He went through the door that led into the light structure. But he stood behind the door and heard their voices plainly.

"He doesn't seem very friendly." This was the girl.

"He's all right. Living out here, they lose their company manners, but he's a good chap. Let me get that wet dress off you. . . ."

He heard her laugh, and then the laugh was cut short and her voice, half smothered, said: "Bart. . . ."

He went up to the lantern and stayed there until it was time to light up.

It was an old petroleum vapour light, with one fixed beam shining towards the mainland delta mouth. There was another light over there—the Bori light, fixed, too, and just as old-fashioned. The delta mouth was silting up fast and there was talk of doing away with the two lights, for few ships ever went up to Bori now.

Old Gallop watched the Bori light come on and imagined Fred Latter sitting over there, just as he sat here. Both in their fifties. . . . Well, with luck, the lights would stay long enough to last them out. He and Fred, a couple of gossipy old bachelors. Far below he heard Miss Tema laugh, and then a spill of wind buffeted against the lantern house like the smack of a heavy hand. You always longed for company, he thought, but when it came you longed also to be rid of it.

When he went down the man had lit the stove and their clothes were spread on chairs in front of it. Miss Tema had taken two tablecloths and draped them round her. Bart Drawbell sat happily with a towel about his middle. A healthy, handsome couple. . . .

The girl was frying eggs. She turned and smiled at Gallop and said: "We made ourselves at home. Tonight you have a cook."

Gallop brought out his whisky and they drank while she worked. Drawbell told him that they had come down from Bori to the delta mouth and had been on their way across the bay to visit Miss Tema's parents who owned a plantation lower down the coast. *It could be,* thought Gallop. But he fancied Miss Tema wouldn't know where her relations were, and as for a plantation, a tin-covered shack up in Lagos or Calabar was more likely. He had nothing against her, but he had been out here too long not to know her kind.

Drawbell said that he was an irrigation engineer working for a government project in the Nigerian interior, and now on vacation. *Could be true,* thought Gallop. *Could be.*

But a few seconds later he knew it wasn't. Miss Tema called that supper was ready and the old man rose to help pull out the table to the centre of the room. The suitcase belonging to the couple stood near the table. He bent down and picked it up to move it out of the way. As he did so, the cheap fabric of the case, soaked with sea water, gave way and a cascade of neatly bundled notes fell on to the floor.

Bending down to retrieve them, Gallop saw printed on the holding bands round the packets of notes the words: Bori Colonial Bank. He squatted there with the notes round his feet and looked up. Miss Tema and Drawbell stood over him. Drawbell was smiling, but Miss Tema's face looked worried.

"That's a lot of money to take for a trip across the bay," said the old man.

Drawbell nodded. "Yes, Pop. It's the pay for the irrigation company. I'm taking it up country in a few days." He squatted down and began to gather up the notes, returning them to the case. Miss Tema found some cord and the case was bound up.

No more was said about the notes, but it was an uncomfortable supper. When it was over, Gallop rose and said: "I must go up and check the light again."

"Sit down, Pop," said Drawbell. As he spoke, he reached back to the chair in front of the stove and pulled an automatic from the jacket pocket. "It's a bit damp still, but it'll work." He went on smiling.

Gallop sat down. "What's all this about?" he asked.

Drawbell shrugged. "Just what you're thinking, I imagine. Odd to take so much cash for a trip across the bay. Very odd."

"I see. You mean you stole the stuff?"

"That's it, Pop."

"Bart——" The girl put her hand on Drawbell's arm.

"It's all right. He's no fool. What I don't tell him, he can guess. We're on our way down the coast, Pop. In a few days we'll be in Rio Muni—that's Spanish territory. I have friends there. So just sit tight and behave."

"But I must check the light."

"Not you." Drawbell laughed. "I know all about you and Fred Latter over at the Bori light. Everyone knows you play chess together and gossip—morse code stuff with a blanket held up over the light. But not tonight, Pop. No message about me that will bring the police cutter out here. Just sit tight."

"And when you leave?" There was courage behind the curiosity in the old man. Life had put him in some hard places, but he always gave truth its dark due.

"You can work that one out, too. With what you know about us, even Rio Muni wouldn't be far enough away for safety. Before we go you'll have an accident. . . . It'll look

Neatly bundled bank notes cascaded

across the floor. . . . "That's a lot of money," Pop said, "to take for a trip across the bay"

natural. No one will know that we've been here."

"Bart, you can't——"

"Keep out of this." He turned on the girl and his voice was hard. "You want cash, a good time? Then you must pay for it. . . . Sorry, Pop, but you've had a good run and it's not such a hell of a life out here anyway."

Old man Gallop didn't answer. There was no point in wasting words on Drawbell. The storm might last a day, two days—they'd let him live to keep the light going, but the moment the bad weather went. . . . Well, he would go with it.

Fifteen years, save for off-duty breaks, Pop Gallop had lived here. And now he was going to die here. Suddenly he didn't feel old enough for death.

They sat there, the three of them, all through that night, while the storm raged away outside and the great light cut a bright swathe across the low run of the island. The girl slept for a while, but Drawbell and old man Gallop stayed awake without talking, though Drawbell tried him at times.

Only once, towards morning, did the old man speak. He said: "Mister, I think you're making a big mistake. Yes, could be, a big mistake."

Bart Drawbell grinned. "Not me, Pop; not me." He nodded towards the window. "Sounds as though the wind's easing off."

Two hours later the wind had gone. . . .

When daybreak came, Drawbell, automatic in hand, went with him up to the lantern to turn off the light. They came down and, leaving the girl in the cabin, went out into a calm, misty morning. The mainland was hidden. The smooth waters of the bay lay wreathed in slow moving veils.

Old man Gallop said: "I'll give you my word that when you've gone I'll forget all about you and the girl. Everything. You won't have been here."

Drawbell ran one hand through his fair hair, and just for a moment he seemed to consider the offer.

Then he shook his head. He said: "Sorry, Pop. There's too much at stake. People change their minds. No man's word is good. I've been learning that all my life. Get going—there's a small cliff drop over there. You'll hardly know it's happened."

Old man Gallop didn't argue. Slowly he walked to the cliff drop beyond the lighthouse. Thirty feet to deep water . . . a blow on the back of the head with an automatic. . . . He walked and prayed.

The cliff edge was six feet away and Drawbell said: "Don't try anything, Pop. Don't jump and try to swim. The sharks would get you before I got the boat out to come and finish you off——"

But at that moment the old man stopped listening to Drawbell. He lifted his head and stared out at the mist over the waters. Then he began to run. Drawbell shouted and rushed after him, but he was too late. The old man threw himself wildly over the cliff edge.

His body hit the water with a great splash. He came to the surface and began to swim clumsily outwards, shouting as he went and thrashing the water with his arms and legs to scare off the sharks. . . .

Ahead of him the black bows of a motor-boat cut suddenly through the mist, its engine *put-putting* gently. It was the sound which the sharp ears of the old man had picked up as he approached the cliff edge.

Old man Gallop called out, his voice hoarse with relief, and the boat swung alongside him. He was aware of a confusion of faces and men in uniform with rifles—and then, leaning towards him, the grizzled face of Fred Latter. Ready arms came down, grabbed him, and pulled him aboard.

Fred Latter bent over him. "I told them that there must be some trouble out here. Was I right?"

"You were, Fred," said the old man. He sat up, spitting out salt water. "There's trouble at the lighthouse—a young devil named Drawbell, and he's got a fancy woman with him. I told him he was making a mistake, a big mistake."

"What's the old man talking about?" asked the police captain irritably.

"Trouble—just like I told you," said Fred impatiently. He winked at old man Gallop. "The Lord knows I had to bully 'em into doing anything. I told them that every night you and me played chess and gossiped—signalling with our lights. Right?"

"Right, Fred! Many a time we've been threatened with the sack for it. But never a night have we missed. That's why last night, when I didn't come on, I prayed that you would guess that something serious must have happened——"

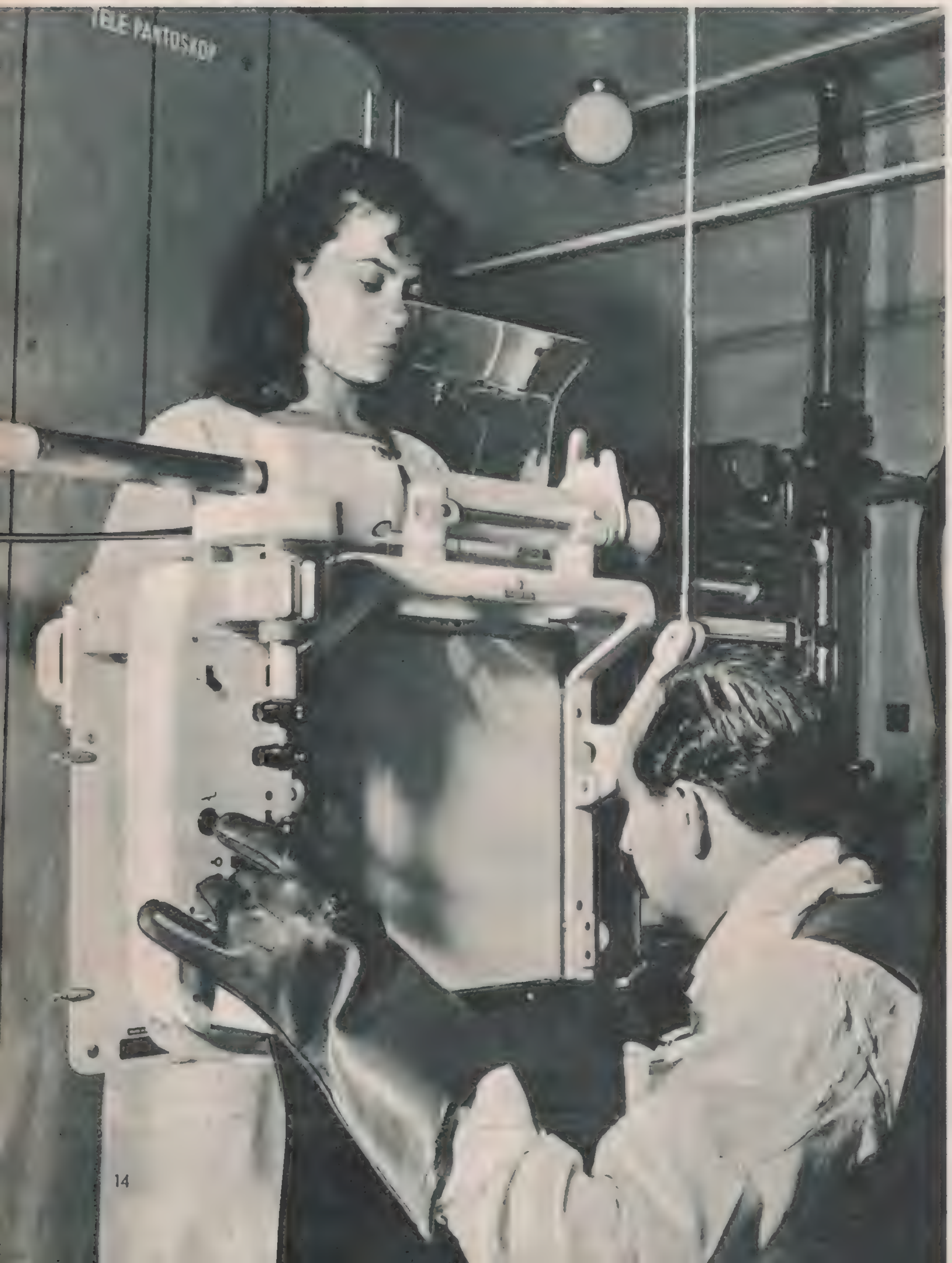
Fred Latter swung round on the police. "What did I tell you, you boneheads?"

"That's it, Fred," said the old man. "And I even told that so-and-so, Drawbell, he was making a mistake. Just the fact that he stopped me sending a message to the mainland was a message. Now let's go and get him." THE END

Can we trust the atom?

by Dr. P. E. HODGSON

A silent killer threatened those who sought to tame it. But now they have curbed the menace of its rays



Lead-rubber gloves and aprons protect the radiographer. Now, experts are asking if X-rays cause any harm to patients

ON March 1, 1954, the crew of the Japanese fishing boat Fukuryu Maru (the Fortunate Dragon), alone in the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean, were surprised to see a brilliant flash on the horizon, followed some minutes later by the dull rumble of a mighty explosion. After a few hours a fine shower of greyish-white chalk dust began to settle on their boat. That evening they noticed that they had little appetite, which even their favourite rice wine failed to revive.

The world already knew that the explosion seen by the crew of the Fortunate Dragon from a distance of about eighty miles was the test of a hydrogen bomb. Elaborate care had been taken to choose a day when the winds were expected to keep the dust from the explosion well within the danger area. But the wind suddenly changed, and the dust was blown towards the Fortunate Dragon.

Unaware of the nature of their danger, but sensing that something was wrong, the fishermen turned for home. By the time they reached port two weeks later, several of them had already become ill, suffering from severe radiation sickness. Their boat was found to be heavily contaminated with radio-activity. Several other fishermen later became ill from the delayed effects of radiation. On September 23, more than six months after the explosion, one of them died.

This was a striking and alarming illustration of the unexpected effects of atomic radiations on man. But it was not the first. Henri Becquerel, the discoverer of radio-activity, himself used to keep his supply of radio-active chemical in his pocket. One day he found that the area of skin nearest his pocket had become slightly reddened.

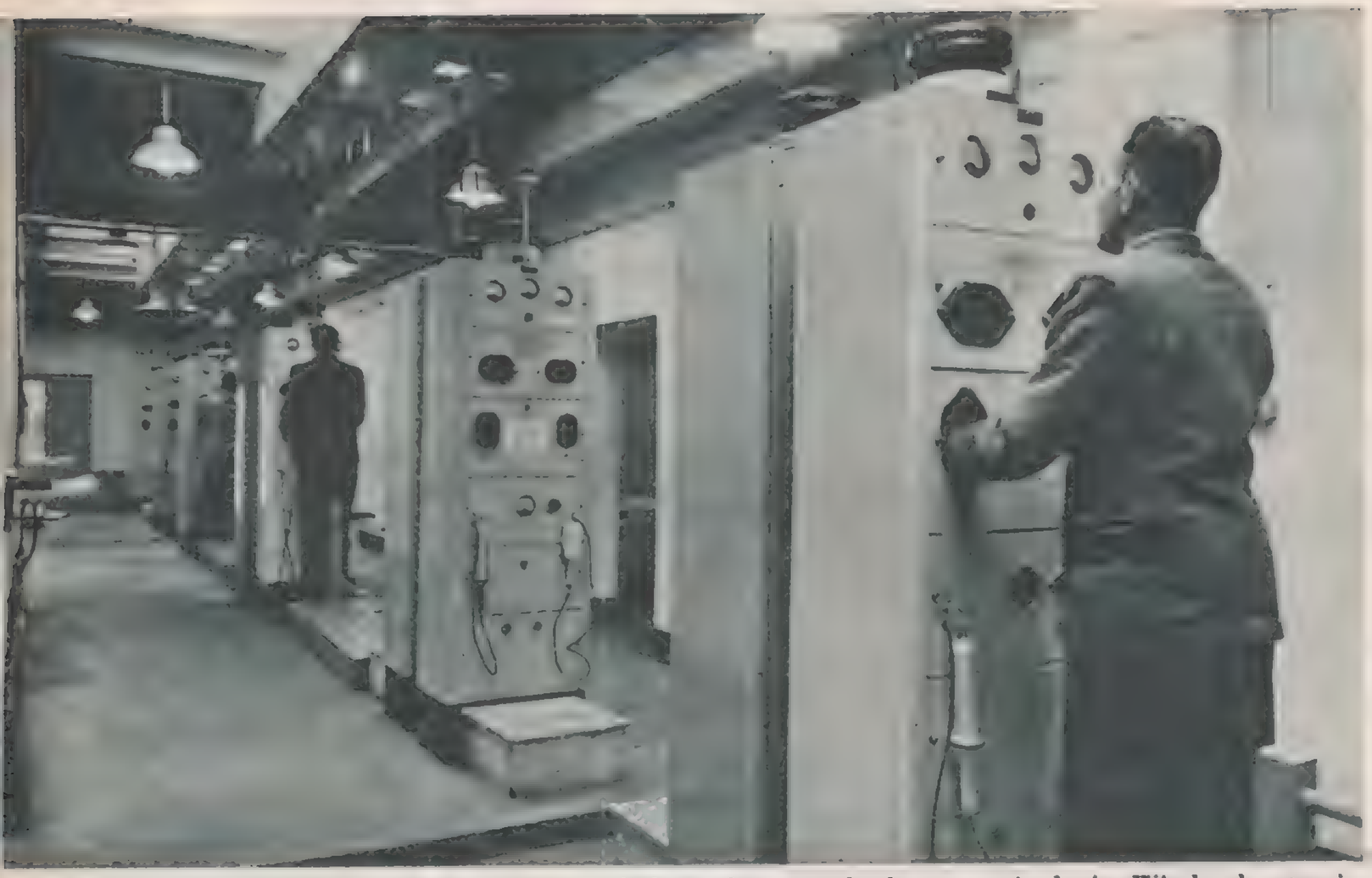
The miners in Joachimsthal in Czechoslovakia had long suffered from a disease known locally as "mountain sickness." These mines contain pitchblende and other radio-active ores, and we now know that the disease is cancer of the lung. It is caused by breathing radio-active air over a long period. Similar effects had been noted among workers who painted figures on watch and clock dials with luminous paint.

In the early days of radio-activity, little was known about its dangers. X-rays were frequently used in medical diagnosis without the operators of the machines being properly shielded from the rays, and many of them later developed diseases of the skin. But researches during the last few decades have led to the general understanding of radiation effects, although many details remain blurred.

THE rays that stream out of all radio-active material such as radium can be thought of as a hail of tiny particles, like bullets but far too small to be seen with even the most powerful microscope. There are many different types of atomic radiation, and some of them can go through feet of solid matter without being stopped.

Our bodies are built up of atoms, arranged in molecules, and it is easy to see what will happen if a particle of atomic radiation, travelling at a tremendous speed, hits one of these complicated and delicately organized molecules. The molecule is just shattered to pieces. And a single particle of radiation can, during its passage through the body, break up many thousands of molecules in this way. If millions of particles come all at once, the damage may be too great.

One of the most dangerous characteristics of atomic radiation is that a man who is hit by enough to kill him will feel nothing. Only after several hours will the effects of gradual disintegration of his body begin to be felt. The



As more knowledge of radiation comes to light, safety standards are revised. At Windscale atomic factory, hand and foot monitors ensure that no worker carries radio-active material away with him

No risks are taken. Even for the simplest jobs in an atom plant protective clothing is worn

damage to the tissues in the bone marrow is particularly serious because these normally produce the white blood corpuscles which fight infection. So small wounds no longer heal quickly and haemorrhages become frequent.

After a few days, diarrhoea and vomiting take place, and the whole organization of the body is upset. Over the next week or two, this is followed by fever, rapid emaciation and death.

This is the course of typical radiation sickness in severe cases. If the dose of radiation is very small, the only apparent effect may be some mild discomfort and perhaps loss of appetite. If the dose is moderate, serious illness may result, followed usually by complete recovery.

Fortunately, we can estimate the maximum dose that can be safely allowed. Nearly all rocks and soil give off minute amounts of radiation all the time. It passes through our bodies and does so little damage that we are none the worse for it. There are even two types of radio-active atom that are among the normal constituents of the human body itself. In addition, the cosmic rays from outer space continually stream into the earth's atmosphere on to human beings.

All these types of radiation can be accurately measured. It is therefore possible to compare the radiation we get from X-rays and radio-active substances with that from rocks and the cosmic radiation. Provided we see that the extra radiation does not greatly exceed what we get anyway, we cannot come to much harm.

Another approach is to see how much radiation is needed to cause the smallest noticeable injury. If this estimate is based on wide medical experience and we make sure that no one receives more than one-tenth of this amount, we are pretty sure to be on the safe side.

In these ways a set of internationally accepted standards of permissible doses of atomic radiation have been set up. With these in mind, stringent safety precautions are now enforced wherever X-ray equipment or radio-active substances are used.

Tests of atomic bombs are carefully considered from the safety point of view. Dust sucked up and made radio-active by the explosion is carried to great heights and spread by high altitude winds. Most of it falls down quite quickly within a few hundred miles of the test site, but the very finest particles of dust are spread all over the world and slowly settle down to ground level over a period of years. Since the radio-activity of the dust gets weaker with time, and it is also vastly diluted, the dust that falls gradually on places thousands of miles from the test site constitutes a very small danger.

If we take natural radiation as a standard of comparison, remembering that this is already quite small; we find that the additional exposure due to medical diagnosis and treatment amounts to about a quarter of this. Radiation from the luminous dials of watches and clocks is about one per cent. That from the dust from atomic bomb test explosions is even less. So is the radiation that comes from television sets and shoe-fitting machines. That due to occasional flights in aeroplanes is quite negligible.

It is important to keep a sense of perspective. Any industrial process has its risks, and it is the duty of society to minimize them. It is dangerous to walk too near an atomic pile, but it is also dangerous to walk into a blast furnace. And both risks can be made very small by suitable precautions.

There is, however, one danger in the wide-spread use of radio-active substances which is different from other industrial hazards, because it is an indirect danger. This comes from the genetic effects of atomic radiations. These affect, not the exposed individual himself, but his descendants. They may not appear for several generations.

Unfortunately, not very much is known about them. Most of our knowledge is from studies of plants and animals, which, of course, are also affected by atomic radiations. These experiments are difficult, as a considerable number of successive generations have to be studied before reliable conclusions can be drawn.

To shorten the experiment it is necessary to choose a species that quickly comes to maturity. So most experiments have been carried out with a type of fruit fly, and some with mice. This has given a general understanding of what goes on, but it is, of course, impossible to predict with any certainty what happens in man from a scanty knowledge of flies and mice.

Genetics, like atomic physics, is quite a young science. It is concerned with the study of the mechanism of heredity. Why does Johnny "take after his father"? Why are there some characteristics which seem to run in families?

The essentials are quite simple. Each one of us carries within his body a number of genes, half of them derived from the mother and half

Continued on page 32

The plastic screen, an inch thick, protects the chemist dealing with radio-active phosphorus

Beyond the lead bricks lies a lethal dose of radiation. So work is done by remote control

Bertram Mills ordered shining chromium stools for Patricia's act. It took a month's practice before the lions would accept them

I PREFER LIONS (2)

by PATRICIA BOURNE

My dangerous début with Bertram Mills

As I gave my daring act firemen stood by with hoses, and the audience flinched in terror. Two of my friends rushed from their seats, certain that I would be mauled

WHILE the circus was touring Southern France, I was sitting in my wagon one morning in Grasse, chatting about clothes to the tiger-trainer's wife, when there was a hubbub outside and I saw people rushing from the big tent. Kismet, one of my lions, was loose.

It was the first time one of my animals had escaped since, some years before, I had given up bareback horse riding at Blackpool Tower Circus in my native Lancashire, to become a woman lion-tamer in Continental circuses.

The capture of an escaped animal can often prove quite simple and does not need any brutality. A strong stick and a good bait of meat are often enough to do the trick. But the older an animal becomes, the more cunning it gets. Kismet was about two years old. He was being trained to work in a new mixed animal group and he had a fairly even temper. Somehow he had got on top of the wagons and did not dare to jump down. He was obviously very upset and in a dangerous mood.

A groom armed with a stick climbed on top of the wagons, while another groom cut off a huge slice of meat as bait. Others got a square box into position, with the door open. These boxes are used mostly for transporting young animals, but also make a good trap.

Keeping the stick in front of him, the groom backed Kismet, who suddenly began to lose his temper and looked as if he might attack. Luckily, however, he smelled the meat and began to walk towards it. The other groom held it up on a fork and, as Kismet wanted it, he followed. Then the groom threw the meat into the box, and into the box went Kismet. Down clanged the gate, and Kismet was safe—but he had his steak.

At this time I had been helping with the mixed group which Alfred Court, the world-famous animal-trainer, was preparing. I say that I was helping, but really I did no more than stand with a stick in each hand, stopping two polar bears from getting down from their tubs. They swayed about from side to side with funny lilting movements. I was terrified they would both decide to get down at once, and I wondered how I could cope with them—polar bears are not my cup of tea.

One morning during practice, when they were

all nicely assembled on a huge pyramid with a leopard at the top, a lion took a bite at a polar bear and the bear bit back. Court slapped the bear's nose with his bare hand and withdrew it with a hole through his palm. Blood streamed down, and he backed to the side of the cage for first aid, looking very surprised. He always looked surprised when an animal bit him, yet he was always stroking their whiskers with unprotected fingers.

Polar bears are awkward animals to handle and very treacherous. I was glad that there were several competent men in the cage at the time. A mixed group is no joke to train or even to present after it has been trained.

When Court showed me his hand later I saw that the bear had made a round hole right through the palm. It was a lucky thing the bear let go, or else Court might have lost his hand.

The tour went on, town after town.

WHILE staying at a large hotel in Marseilles I met some English women—they were rather the tweedy kind, and although I never asked them or found out, I had an idea they might be schoolteachers. They were very friendly and seemed sure that I was also on holiday.

One day they said that they simply must go and see the fair—they had never seen a real Continental one. I had not told them that I was appearing there with my lions, as I thought they would go round the fair and not bother about the circus.

I got the surprise of my life when I saw them sitting in one of the circus boxes, but I'm sure they were even more surprised to see me in the cage.

The noise of the fair upset the animals' nerves and they were jumpy all through our stay there. I was glad when the contract in Marseilles came to an end and we set off on our long journey to Ghent in Belgium.

I had hoped for some real peace in Ghent, but the first night there proved to be quite dramatic. My favourite lion, Belmonte, was in one of his sour moods and almost refused to go into the ring. He kept lowering his head and snarling softly, always out of one side of his mouth, and his eyes gleamed fiercely. When Belmonte was cross, he was dangerous.

"Don't use him tonight," said my groom.

"Yes," I replied, "he's going in, but I'll keep him away from the others and I shall not ride on his back."

To get him down the runway to the big cage was an awful job. But I coaxed him into the ring and on to his stool. Other artists watched, most of them dressed in bathrobes, with make-up half on and half off. They knew the danger if a fight broke out. So did I.

Suddenly, I felt very far away from the familiar Zoo Circus with which I had toured previously. There, experienced trainers were always to hand. Now I was really on my own, to settle my own battles. No use to bully Monty; in a mood like this he reacted best to soft words. I manoeuvred the others into the ring.

I think the public, too, felt the air of suspense—they were very hushed. I worked through the act quickly, using Belmonte only twice. He condescended to sit up, like a huge crest on a coat of arms, at the top of the pyramid, then got down and went slowly back to his place.

I was dripping with perspiration, caused by nervous tension, but still the act went well. I got Guieto to do three jumps through the hoop instead of one, to liven things up a bit with the roar he always gave before jumping, as though saying: "Hi, there, look out!"

To me, or anyone knowing anything about wild animals, the suspense was terrific. Remember next time you see any lions or tigers perform that the quiet ones may take the most handling; the roaring ones are often not so bad.

People often imagine that circus life is filled with glamour and that I had the most marvellous time of it, with lights and music, parties

When cubs were born in Sweden, Pat was asked for a public viewing. She refused—and nearly started a riot

and gay things, lots and lots of admirers, too. But it wasn't like that at all.

The glamour really starts when the cage is erected, the lights dim and, with the spotlights playing on the entrance gate, you fling off your dressing-gown, take up your whip, and stride forward into the glare of lights and the curious stare of hundreds of people.

Then the band strikes up a swinging march and the animals come padding softly down the runway into the ring. For me that will always be the glamour of the circus. It lasts about fifteen minutes; the rest is hard but interesting work.

Everything went smoothly, except for Zultan's temper. She was expecting a family, and all mothers are inclined to moods. During the last week in Ghent we began to prepare for the very long journey to Sweden.

When we reached Sassnitz in Germany we saw that Zultan was very restless, but we hoped that nothing would happen until we reached our destination.

The cages were put aboard the ferry for the six-hour crossing to Trelleborg, in Southern Sweden. I had agreed with my groom that we would take it in turns to watch the animals. We dared not go away together because the passengers had heard that they had six lions as travelling companions, and the parade of people to view the lion wagons was quite large, although they could only stand and look from a distance.

I thought that perhaps a little sea air might be good for the lions, so I opened the shutters and propped them up, so that the upper half of the cage was open. Then I heard a queer scuffling going on in Zultan's wagon and I went over to see what she was up to. One glance was enough. I sent for my groom.

People were curious and kept asking: "Is she ill?"

"No," I replied, not daring to say more.

Down came the groom in a hurry.

"Look," I said, "Zultan has a family, but I haven't counted them yet."

Carefully we removed the shutters. And there, in the darkest corner at the back of the wagon, sat the mother with four cubs. We saw three tiny heads wobbling in our direction, with eyes closed; but one tiny body lay still, quite alone, nearer the front of the cage.

With great care, and soft words to Zultan, who hissed and panted with agitation all the time, we managed with a short stick to get the little body to the small gate of the cage. Then I put one arm inside, never taking my eyes off Zultan and the three little bobbing heads.

I knew she might fly at me at any moment and grab my arm; also most probably kill one or more of her babies, in the same way that she must somehow have trampled on this little fellow by mistake.

Luckily, my hand found the cub and swiftly I pulled him out. He was dead. I held his little body in my hand. He was like a kitten with an oversize nose, and had little dark brown spots in the middle of his downy back.

I could have cried, I was so sorry to lose one; but the other three looked very healthy, so far as I could see at a glance. Zultan was all right and only wished for peace. She was very busy now, rocking the babies one after the other in her mouth, very gently.

UPON arrival at Trelleborg the wagons were unloaded to await Customs inspection. At last an official came up and asked: "Open all the wagons, please."

"Yes," I said, "all but one."

Suspicion came into his face. You could almost see the thought of cognac bottles chasing through his brain.

"All the wagons!" he said again, planting himself in front of Zultan's home.

I explained why I could not open her wagon fully for a few days, and how we should have

Patricia's son Juanito started wire walking at seven years of age. In a short time he mastered all the difficult steps

Six foot three. Six centuries old and more,
if you follow the family back . . .
though there's no need.
For here is a very English
tall Englishman of today,
with Norman-French far distant,
and artistry close to hand.
Knows a lot about glass.
And what goes into glass. Try him . . .

Good day to you, Henry. Busy?

On this busy afternoon? The answer is yes . . .
also that I can think of nothing nicer than
a Martini. You'll join me?

Yes again—and choose my own glass as well!
The third on the left, over there . . . with the
white and gold tracery. Do you do
these yourself? They're most beautiful.

I design them . . . organise them . . . market them . . .
The sheer skill comes from my craftsmen.
Now, to match the size and the shape of the
one in your hand I'd suggest . . .
let me see . . . Martini, straight, dry, cool!

Just by itself? That's thought reading.

It's a trend. Continental, no doubt. But it's
growing here, and I met it a lot in America.
"Dry Martini for you?" they'd say,
". . . or a real Martini Dry, Lord Audley?"

Better drink

MARTINI

Dry or Sweet

to feed her carefully through the bars when no strangers were looking. Clutching his bit of chalk in his fingers he informed me that he could not "pass" the wagon without looking inside.

We had the other shutters down, so he approached Guieto's wagon, waving his bit of chalk, and Guieto declared his dislike of Customs by launching a furious roaring attack at the bars of his cage.

I realized that unless we hurried we would miss our train. Then the Customs man dropped his bombshell. Five lions were on the paper and expected, not eight. He would have to look inside that closed wagon.

"No!" I said. "Please call a veterinary surgeon."

Someone went away to telephone.

I was glad when the vet arrived and I explained the situation.

I took down a shutter from Zultan's cage. Inside all was quiet, but far back in the dim wagon a pair of brilliant green eyes shone like stars.

"Close her," said the vet, and I knew he understood.

Turning, he spoke to the officials in Swedish, and I was relieved to see them turn away.

After many hours by rail, we arrived at Falköping, where I found out that they were going to shunt the train. I felt cold and very tired, so I got down from the train and went into the small station hotel.

Feeling fortified, I went to look for my train and got an awful shock—it had gone. So had the lions. After a quarter of an hour's panic, I began to understand what the railway authorities were trying to tell me—the goods train had gone on and I was to leave by express.

I spent another few hours on that train, unable to read or doze. I was very thankful when I at last reached my journey's end, Karlskoga-Bofors.

A dark, good-looking girl met me at the station. She spoke perfect English. After a greeting, I burst out: "I've lost the animals!"

But before I could tell her about the tragedy, she said: "My stepmother knows just where they are—they will arrive in about two hours."

The relief was terrific. No one who has not lost five lions and three cubs on a railway journey will understand quite how glad I was.

THE directress of this Swedish circus, Baptista Schreiber, was renowned for her wonderful high-school riding and for the fact that Queen Alexandra of England had commanded a special matinée at Olympia, London, to collect the money to buy her a new horse, Menelik, after the tragic death of her horse Siglavia. The circus was well known for its fine horses. Mrs. Schreiber was large, blonde and rather effusive.

When I was about to practise on the first morning I found dozens of the circus people assembled, expecting, I'm sure, to see a huge muscular woman with a moustache, and clad in a leopard skin, instead of just five foot two inches of me in black riding-breeches and a shirt. The directress watched my rehearsal from a front box, but soon removed herself to safety.

The tour started at Västeras, and I was often lectured by Mrs. Schreiber on the danger of an escaped lion; that's why, I suppose, Guieto nearly got out one night. It happened to be an awkward ground, very bumpy, and the runway naturally did not fit as well as usual. We had barred the most dangerous parts, but Guieto picked an opening and began to push his way out.

It was at the end of the act and, hearing a lot of shouting from near the menagerie, I ran quickly from the ring, leaving people still clapping. There was Guieto with part of his huge head already through the space, and the other lions at the back of him not knowing whether

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NORMAN WISDOM begins the story of his whirlwind climb to stardom

UP IN THE WORLD

A PINT-SIZE army bandboy pranced round the gymnasium in a serious attempt at shadow boxing. As he danced up and down, shoulders twisting, arms flying and head darting back from the blows of an imaginary opponent, fellow bandboys began to laugh. And as they laughed, the boxer turned on the comedy. He fell over backwards, tied himself in knots, and pulled faces at his invisible adversary.

It was Norman Wisdom's first pantomime act, the first time that the little man with the rubber bones and the comic face realized that he could make people laugh.

Now Wisdom tells his own intimate and revealing story . . . of his tough Cockney schooldays . . . his hectic life as a cheeky eight-shillings-a-week page . . . and how he walked from London to Cardiff to get a job as a cabin boy in a cargo boat.

When he saw how many potatoes he had to peel he regretted that he had ever signed on. But he cut down his work on the return journey by throwing half the potatoes overboard.

Wisdom has been in and out of trouble ever since. As an army trumpeter he once dashed into the canteen for a quick meal—and got

Norman Wisdom

fourteen days for being too full of food to blow his trumpet.

Up In The World is, like Wisdom's humour, gay and sad. It is a rollicking self-portrait that reveals all the secrets of his climb to fame in music hall, television and films.

It also tells the warm and human story of his courtship and marriage, his sensational tour of America, and the great day when he was congratulated by the Queen.

A complete detachable 8-page TV Supplement

YOUR GUIDE TO WINTER VIEWING

IN the same issue as the first part of his dramatic life story, Norman Wisdom introduces a sparkling Supplement designed to double your TV pleasure this winter.

With this Supplement you can plan your viewing by following the top producers, stars and shows of both B.B.C. and ITV. There is also inside information on the rival networks' plans for colour TV, bigger and better new shows, and a TV link across the Atlantic.

A full-colour centre-spread presents the shows which the stars themselves prefer, and the new contenders for the top of the popularity polls. In addition the Supplement includes a ready guide which shows you how to adjust your TV set to give the best performance—and a doctor's advice on TV viewing for children.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A headmaster with a new angle on children. From his chair he gets to know them better

I teach from a wheelchair

by ALAN GOOD

Good's pupils are not in the least disturbed by his disability. On the contrary, they are keen to help him

Death had passed me by . . . now I had to learn to live. Paralysed from the waist down, I fought my way back to the school I loved—on wheels

THE conviction came slowly to me that I had reached the limits of my recovery. At forty-three there seemed nothing left for me but a life in bed. After four months in a London hospital, I learned that I was thought to have suffered an attack of polio: whatever it was, it had paralysed my legs completely. My hopes of returning to my job as headmaster of a primary school steadily disintegrated.

Then, one evening, a young and rotund house physician, who must have observed my unhappiness, said to me: "We've a doctor in the hospital, paralysed like you, doing valuable research work from a wheelchair. His is brain work, like teaching. I see no reason why you shouldn't go back to your job, even if you make no more progress here."

I took both hints: that I *was* paralysed for life; and that I should not take it lying down. I determined that very night to go back to schoolmastering. I knew that first I would have to convince the local authority's doctor that a man virtually without legs could run a school I would have to be physically self-sufficient.

It was now the end of April, 1950. I spent the next eight months at an orthopaedic hospital in Kent, learning to walk. Wearing callipers, I discovered how to goose-step between parallel bars by pulling one leg after the other with trick movements from abdominal muscles. It took weeks of devilish hard work

The day came when I tried to use arm-pit crutches for the first time. I struggled with them for an hour, but I could not move an inch I went to sleep that night terribly downhearted The next day, the physiotherapist fitted me with a pair of elbow crutches, and, to my delight, I found I could shuffle across the floor

Presently, my National Health wheelchair arrived and I learned to skate about on four wheels with as much speed and agility as most

When he arrives home from school Good finds local children waiting to help him into his wheelchair

The problem of getting to bed is solved by one of the devices fitted up in Good's house at Sutton, in Surrey

people do with two good legs. So far, so good. After almost precisely a year in hospital, I went back home, able to walk a little, completely mobile in my wheelchair and full of expectancy.

I arranged an immediate medical examination with the local authority doctor. I felt that to ask him to see me at home would seriously prejudice my chances, so I hired a car and went to see him.

To me, he seemed a slightly forbidding man. He argued that my condition, still not conclusively diagnosed as polio, might get worse. I pointed out that it had not changed for a year. But he was adamant that I could not take proper charge of a school of five classes and two hundred children from a wheelchair.

The examination rapidly deteriorated into a fearsome row. Inevitably, I lost. With my dream of returning triumphantly to school after the Christmas holiday shattered, I went miserably home. The doctor had given me faint hope by recommending not to pension me off there and then, but to keep me on half-pay for another three months. But I could not see what would make him materially change his mind in that short time.

For the second examination, he insisted on coming to my home in Sutton, Surrey. I decided, in spite of my pessimism, to show him just what I could do. He arrived early on a frosty, slightly foggy evening. As he drove up, I too drove round a nearby corner in the motor tricycle which I had recently received from the Health Service.

In front of him, I transferred unaided from the tricycle to my wheelchair and propelled myself into the house. Then I got out of the chair, stood up and walked hesitantly towards him and shook his hand.

"Good evening, Mr. Good. Do you still want to teach?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, firmly.

A brief, stern cross-examination followed. Then, to my utter amazement, he passed me fit to teach from my wheelchair. Then he patted me on the back and said that I was a fine fellow and that he was certain I would make a success of my job.

I planned to go back to school at the start of the summer term, 1951. On one of the last days of the previous term, I visited the school to meet the staff and some of the children and to learn of any changes. It was a depressing and unpromising three hours. After the midday meal, the acting headmaster took me into a room to meet a group of the children. I had prepared a little speech, but I found it difficult to talk. The children were obviously very conscious of my wheelchair. I felt awkward and I gabbled my speech.

Then the acting head patiently described to me all the extra paper work which had fallen on to my desk in my absence. The job had incorporated a good deal of accountancy. That evening I drove home far from confident about the future. All through the holiday, I worried about the shuffling feet and the downcast eyes of those children in the schoolroom.

On the first morning of the new term, I left home heavy with doubts. The caretaker met me at the school gate with my wheelchair and to carry my papers. I hurried into my room, and found a mound of correspondence. Staff and children started to bustle in and out with registers and problems. Everything became too hectic for us to have time to be embarrassed.

I have never since found any child the least bit disturbed by my disability. On the contrary, my chair fascinates them. The boys of ten and eleven, in particular, show a strong desire to grasp the handles and transport me through the school with manly vigour. This has come in useful.

During my first few months at school, the caretaker took my wheelchair to and from the gate in the mornings and afternoons. I realized that it was unfair to expect him to wait on me. In the mornings, the children started to take control themselves. Now, as soon as I appear, one of them dives into the school for my wheelchair and two more come to help me with my books and to lock the doors of the car which has replaced the motor tricycle. There is no rota: the job has become a sort of school ritual for the children who happen to be on hand when I arrive.

In the afternoons, I could not reasonably expect the children to stay behind to help me without reward. So I employed a lad, at threepence a week. My first stipendiary chair-man, as I call him, was a strong, silent eleven-year-old Irishman named Micky.

Micky did his job admirably until one day last year he threw a flower bulb through my window at school. Since the bulb came from the garden of the chairman of governors, and since he was in my room at the time, I had to sack Micky as a token of my disapproval. Now I have a girl as stipendiary chair-woman.

In my first days back at school, I met a variety of physical problems. Being a church school, we hold our assembly in the adjacent church, at the entrance to which are two flights of four and five steps. So that I could negotiate these, the council's carpenter built a ramp. Every morning, three boys transport me into the church in most seamanlike manner, two handling the ramp, the other giving me a helping push.

My chair would not fit under my desk, but within a day the carpenter came and raised the desk with two planks. The telephone was in a room inaccessible to my wheelchair: again within a day, the G.P.O. engineers moved it for me.

I expected that I might need a special blackboard for the classes I taught, but I found that I could write very well above my head: paralysis of the legs has a most beneficial effect on the development of the arms and shoulders.

The most difficult problem was my lavatory door. It was too narrow for the wheelchair. Mine was not an isolated case. I know from my work with the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship that one of the most heartbreaking obstacles in the way of a man or woman in a wheelchair seeking work is the normal lavatory door. Only a few weeks ago, one member of the fellowship, a former labourer, got a job after weeks of searching, then lost it because his chair would not go in the lavatory. Happily, at school, when I put the problem to the governors, they immediately agreed to have the door widened.

Keeping control of the children from my wheelchair has never presented a problem. I have not lost the ability to look stern and forbidding. If the need arose, I could still wield a cane.

With the children aged from seven to eleven, I have never had a really tough behaviour problem. If one arose, I am confident I could deal

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

1 A millionaire called Simon West,
Said, "Find the coconut I like best—

2 Take planes, hire ships, spare no expense!"
The search for coconuts grew intense.

3 But the office-girl came out on top,
With a Bounty bar from an English shop.

4 Their happiness is now complete
With Bounty the tender-fresh coconut sweet.

MORAL: *Buy a* **BOUNTY** *that's the best way to a coconut treat. Tender-fresh coconut with full-cream milk chocolate (blue packet) or vanilla chocolate (red packet)*

Only **6d** *— that's 2¼ oz. for 6d!*

Hylda Baker's gossip tops the bill

by KEITH ELLIS

After forty years of north country chatter, one night on TV made her famous. Now it's champagne with her fish and chips

ONE evening in March 1955, a short, dumpy Lancastrian called Hylda Baker broadcast in the B.B.C. television series *Good Old Days*. Dressed in ill-fitting checks, old-fashioned ankle-strap shoes and an ostrich-feather boa, she gossiped to viewers about her friend, the gaunt, six-foot "Cynthia." It was the sort of performance she had been giving round the halls for years.

The results were surprising: Hylda captured the imagination of millions of viewers. Critics were enthusiastic about the new "discovery." Bus conductors and cabbies added her catchword "She knows, y'know" to their fund of repartee. "Hylda," says B.B.C. producer Barney Colehan, "was an overnight wow."

Her rise since then has been one of the most unexpected success stories in British show business. She has been on the halls almost forty years. Until eighteen months ago, she was just one of scores of competent performers who were topping the bills of the smaller variety theatres at salaries ranging from £50 to £70 a week. On her occasional appearances in the big theatres, she was well down the bill. Except to regular theatregoers, she was unknown.

After hearing her performance in *Good Old Days*, Dick Hurran, the theatrical producer, asked impresario James Brennan for her to be included in their summer show at the Queen's Theatre, Blackpool. Ironically, Brennan had only just turned down an application from Hylda for a place in the same show. He now changed his mind and hired her at £70 a week. "I accepted the low salary because I had a good place on the bill," says Hylda.

Today, she is one of the most highly paid comediennes in the country. This summer Brennan hired her again for his show on the South Pier, Blackpool—at £400 a week and ten per cent of the profits. The show broke records that had stood for at least twelve years. On November 5, Hylda opens at London's Prince of Wales Theatre for two weeks' variety. Her basic salary will be about £600 a week. A twenty per cent share of the profits is expected to bring it up to £1,000.

Meanwhile, she has established herself on television with several appearances in *Holiday Hotel*, *Sunday Night At Blackpool* and extracts from the shows she has appeared in. "People laugh at her," says Colehan, "because she doesn't just set out to tell gags. She's funny in herself—even to talk to. She reproduces the sort of gossip you hear in the north every day of the week."

SHREWD and hard-bitten, Hylda has been fighting for success all her life. At forty-eight, she has thickening features, frizzy hair and a deep, husky voice. She has a huge appetite, prefers male company and is as strong as a man. "But underneath the hard exterior," says her associate George Bartram, "she's a very loveable person."

Some of her friends claim that her rapid rise has gone to her head. "She's been pushed around so long," says an associate, "that now she's a star, she's getting a bit of her own back."

Hylda, who revels in the nicknames of "Little Miss Sureshot" and "The Little Napoleon," never forgets she is a star. On tour, she used to live in her own caravan. Now, she insists on a suite in the best hotel. She has decided that beside her £1,000 English car and £2,000 Canadian car (the bonnet is inscribed with "Hylda Baker—she knows you know"), she also needs either a Rolls or a Cadillac. "It may appear I'm trying to put it on a bit," she says, "but my position demands it."

A keen business woman who refused until recently to yield her affairs to the care of a manager, Hylda repeatedly points out that most of her earnings go in income-tax. She still does the Pools regularly. But friends agree that

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The Blackpool showgirls may laugh at "Cynthia's" silence. Hylda tells them: "She knows, you know"

Mickey and Coco, two capuchin monkeys, enjoy a bunch of grapes at Hylda's breakfast table

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Gotwela had taken a deadly oath. . . . Tom and Cynthia Ronald were doomed

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

SHEBIYA, in northern Pharamaul, was District Officer Tom Ronald's territory. Tom and his young wife, Cynthia, were alone there—the only white people for a hundred miles.

Shebiya was Gotwela's territory, too. And Gotwela, brutal ruler of the U-Maulas, was ready to strike. With his allies, the sly Zuva Katsaula and the fat Maula regent, Puero, he was sworn to kill every white man in the island.

Deep in his throat, Gotwela told them: "We will make our beginning, here, tonight. . . ."

He had chosen his time well. The whole of the island was in a state of seething rebellion. Rioting and violence had begun when Dinamaula, hereditary chieftain of the Maula tribe, had announced his desire to marry a white girl. The young chief was now under detention. . . .

The island's governor, Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, was trying to restore order. But without troops it was a difficult job. Particularly when other white men—newspapermen such as Tulbach Browne of the *Daily Flash*—were covertly encouraging the rioters. For them it was a good story.

One of Sir Elliott's aides, David Bracken, was told to meet the press to clarify the Government House position. David, deeply in love with Sir Elliott's secretary, Nicole Steuart, had been sent to the trouble centre of Gamate—two hundred miles from Nicole in Port Victoria.

David's press conference was held the day after Gotwela's decision to strike. And it was dramatically interrupted: Keith Crump, Gamate's police chief, walked in—a bloodied, unshaven Crump, near to final exhaustion. . . .

"They've cut the road . . ," Crump announced shockingly. ". . . God knows what's happening up at Shebiya. . . ."

PART SEVEN

Captain Simpson Fights Back

THEY were speeding southwards in the police jeep; David Bracken at the wheel driving like fury, and Keith Crump by his side, lying back exhausted and spent on a pile of blankets. For the first few miles another car carrying the newspaper correspondents had kept pace with them; then their pursuers had been outstripped and left behind.

Their departure had been swift—so swift that there had been no need for secrecy. Crump had said: "Got to see the governor—telephone no good—got to see him, work something out"; and David, leaving two messages—one to be sent to Port Victoria, announcing their plans, the other for George Forsdick, bringing him up to date—had led Crump out to the jeep, tucked him into the bucket seat, sat down behind the wheel, and set course for Port Victoria.

It was the fifth hour; 170 miles of torn-up road behind them, a bare fifty to go. Crump stretched awkwardly, and sat up.

David took his eyes for a moment off the road. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"Stiff as hell. . . . Otherwise all right. . . . Where are we?"

"About fifty miles to go."

Crump looked at the luminous dial of his wristwatch. "Good for you."

"What happened?" asked David. "Up at Shebiya?"

"Bloody shambles," answered Crump. His voice came slowly, in jerks to match their progress, fighting the wind and the roar of the engine.

"This morning we called Tom Ronald as usual on the police schedule. Calling from Gamate, 10 a.m. routine. Couldn't get any answer. I didn't like the sound of that, so I took this old wagon"—he kicked the side of the jeep—"and four of my chaps, and started to drive up to Shebiya.

"All the way up we kept trying to make radio contact. Still no answer. Then, when we were in the thick of the bush, a couple of miles south of the town, we were brought up short; big tree lying right across the road. We all got out to look, scouting around, and suddenly all hell broke loose."

Crump was silent for a full mile. "An ambush," he explained. "Very well laid on, too; cross-fire from rifles, a Sten gun somewhere, and an old cannon blasting away at the jeep. . . . Missed it luckily, but two of my lads went down, for keeps. I got a bullet through this arm, and something else nicked me on the head, as well. We just turned tail and ran. Nothing else to do."

"But what's it mean?" asked David.

"Murder!" replied Crump. "The town's cut off—which means that something's happened they don't want us to know about."

"The Ronalds?"

"The Ronalds," answered Crump. "The late Ronalds — and the late Father Schwemmer, unless I'm much mistaken."

"Oh God!" said David. "Was he there?"

"Went up two days ago."

"But they wouldn't kill *him*. Everybody loves him!"

"*Everybody*," sang Crump, suddenly foolish, "*loves my baby*. Mr. Bracken, at this very moment they're probably loving him to death—and Tom and Cynthia Ronald as well."

"But we must get through," cried David, in

At the governor's conference, the

staff were horrified at the news, and powerless to help the hostages. Then Captain Simpson stood up. "Sir," he said, "a cutting-out expedition"

anguish. His foot eased back off the accelerator. "What the hell are we driving south for? We've got to go back and get through to them."

"We're driving south," said Crump, in exhaustion and misery, "because we can't drive north. I haven't enough men to force a way through that road block, even if I could leave Gamate without a single policeman . . . which I can't. So we're driving south to talk to the governor. It's *his* problem now. I've done the best I can, with all the strength God gave me. Either we collect a lot of soldiers and fight back up the road to Shebiya, or we find some other way of getting through. And what the hell way *that* is, I wouldn't like to guess."

"The soldiers are due here tomorrow."

"Good for them!" said Crump. "Just in time for the ceremonial burial party."

Ahead of them, above the shadows and the oncoming brilliance of the road, there was now a vague yellow glow on the far southern horizon.

"There's Port Victoria," said David.

"Eight o'clock," said Crump, glancing again at his watch. "There by nine."

"But what can we do? How do we get through to Shebiya?"

"We swim," answered Crump, his voice faint and hoarse. "We swim, or we fly. We *know* we can't walk. There's a big tree and a lot of U-Maulas in the way. . . ."

"I've asked you to come along," said the governor, "because Keith Crump has just arrived—with some very bad news, I'm afraid—and I feel we all ought to know about it, and decide on a plan."

The clock on the ornate mahogany mantelpiece began to chime ten o'clock, and Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs waited, as if politely, for it to finish. "I'm sorry it's so late," he went on, as soon as silence descended again, "but it really is unavoidable."

No one spoke. Crump, still pale and spent but with his head-wound freshly dressed and his arm in a neat sling, sat back on the couch. Aidan Purves-Brownrigg was beside him; in two other armchairs, David and Captain Simpson completed the semi-circle.

Nicole Steuart was installed at a small desk just behind the governor. She, too, was pale and tense, just as she had been ever since David had had a brief word with her, before the meeting.

Then, she had put her hand to her mouth, said: "Oh, darling . . . those poor Ronalds," and wound her arms round his neck as if to ward off all evil. But now, when her eyes met David's, there was nothing left of love in them. Her feelings had been swamped by two

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THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (5)

Von Werra's "disguise" got him into the cockpit of a secret British aircraft. But could he take off before being unmasked? He was only . . .

Two minutes from freedom

by KENDAL BURT and JAMES LEASOR

IN an hour, von Werra could be nearing the coast of France. Success, lasting fame, universal admiration, liberty, everything he wanted were a hand's stretch away. Alternatively, he would be dead or seriously wounded. How would the R.A.F. treat a "Hun," a "Boche," a "Nazi gangster" caught trying to steal one of its aeroplanes? Reverse the rôles. How would the Luftwaffe treat an R.A.F. prisoner caught trying to get away in a Messerschmitt?

The outcome depended on luck or on his wits.

So far everything seemed to have gone as he planned. Oberleutnant Franz von Werra, a captured Luftwaffe fighter pilot, had escaped from Swanwick prison camp, Derbyshire. Assuming the name of Captain van Lott, he pretended to be a Dutch pilot serving with the R.A.F. who had crash-landed in a Wellington bomber when returning from a raid on Denmark.

In this guise, he had persuaded the police and railway workers to accept his story that he must reach an airfield, where a plane would come to take him back to his base. The nearest R.A.F. station—at Hucknall—had been telephoned, and a car sent to pick up "van Lott." Soon he would reach the climax of his scheme—steal a plane and fly back to France.

Unknown to von Werra, the duty officer at Hucknall R.A.F. Station had sent the car for him, not because he thought that Captain van Lott was a crashed airman, but because he was suspicious: he thought that van Lott might be a saboteur, a spy—or an escaped prisoner.

But von Werra, now being driven through Hucknall aerodrome, thought his plans were succeeding.

First, to get rid of the driver.

"Take me to the control tower," von Werra ordered. "Then you can go. I shall see if there is any news of the aircraft which is fetching me."

"Sorry, sir," the driver replied. "My orders are to take you straight to headquarters."

"But—but that is silly. Why? I shall be only one minute at the control tower."

"Beg pardon, sir. I must obey orders."

The man had evidently been given special instructions. He was armed. Von Werra must regain his confidence.

"Of course," he said casually. "It does not matter. It would save time, but I shall telephone from headquarters."

They swung left, passing groups of aircraft.

Captain van Lott, the weary Coastal Command pilot, familiar with the appearance of a British airfield, stretched one arm negligently over the back of his seat. He seemed to be looking at the road ahead as though he couldn't care less about R.A.F. Station Hucknall.

Von Werra, the escaper with everything, including perhaps his life, at stake, was all eyes and concentrated intelligence.

A British airfield. Whitewashed stones at measured intervals at the roadside. No scrap of litter on the grass, not a matchstick or a cigarette-end on the smooth, cambered road. An asphalt path leading off to the left. A finger post on the corner. "M.T. Section—something Workshops . . ." in neat lettering. A similar notice underneath it, in a foreign language. *Polish!* Hell's teeth, an escaped German airman at the tender mercies of emigré Poles!

"I see signs in Polish," von Werra remarked. "Are there many here?"

"Hundreds of 'em, sir!" the driver replied.

"Any of my countrymen—Dutch?"

"No, sir. Only Poles."

"But Mr. Boniface is English, surely?" The driver had told him earlier that a Squadron Leader Boniface was acting adjutant.

"Oh yes, sir. All the officers at H.Q. are, sir."

Most of the aircraft at dispersal were twin-engined biplanes or monoplanes—trainers or obsolete bombers used for training purposes. Here and there a single-engined trainer. They seemed to be unserviceable. Some were half dismantled, others partly covered with green canvas sheets, blotched with oil, stiff and glistening with frost. Most of them were anchored.

They were uninteresting, useless for his purpose. His spirits sank. Wasn't there a likely-looking aircraft anywhere?

A SEGMENT of the sun showed orange-red above a dense cloudbank on the eastern horizon. Six hundred yards farther along the road was a group of camouflaged hangars. A gaggle of monoplanes stood on the tarmac in front of the farthest hangar. They were barely distinguishable against the mat green and black hangar doors. Their engine cowlings had not been removed. They were not sheeted. Squat, powerful-looking.

They were fighters. Hurricanes! Lined up ready for take-off. Perhaps reserved for airfield defence, kept in instant readiness.

One of them would get him home. . . .

The vehicle drew up at H.Q. The driver ushered his passenger into the hallway. It smelled of floor polish, uniforms, stale tobacco smoke and stationery. The place seemed to be deserted. Von Werra saw that the first door in the left wing, facing the entrance, was marked "Gentlemen."

The driver wheeled right and knocked on the first door on the right-hand side of the corridor bearing the words STATION ADJUTANT. Von Werra presumed that he was to meet Squadron Leader Boniface.

"Come in!"

The driver opened the door.

As soon as he heard sounds of the vehicle outside, followed by footsteps in the hall, the duty officer, Flight Lieutenant T. I. Plant, got up from the adjutant's desk and began taking down the blackout shutters. He wanted to have something to occupy him when the "Dutchman" entered, so as to be able to observe him closely but covertly, and to put him at a tactical disadvantage.

Plant did not glance back immediately the door opened and the two men entered. When he eventually did so he looked at the "Dutchman," but addressed the driver.

"Switch the lights off, driver," he said.

The "Dutchman," evidently with a greeting on the tip of his tongue, stood suspended, pointedly ignored, in the middle of the room. But the duty officer—von Werra assumed that

The acting adjutant and the C.O. at Hucknall when von Werra visited the airfield—Squadron Leader Boniface (left) and the late Group Captain J. L. M. de C. Hughes-Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

Franz von Werra smiled. "I really am in a hurry," he said. The mechanic looked hard at this "Dutchman," then made up his mind

this was Boniface—had taken a good look at him and seemed surprised, reassured and a little amused.

The man looked neither villainous nor Teutonic. He was so short that, but for his kit and muscular build, the duty officer would have put him down as a jockey rather than a bomber pilot. He had a frank, boyish face and a pleasant smile.

The Englishman was immediately struck by van Lott's flying suit. It was non regulation and a type he had never seen before—pale grey-green with a long diagonal zip fastener running up from left to right. An inch of brightly coloured tartan scarf showed above the collar of the suit. The "Dutchman" carried leather gloves in one hand. His fur-lined flying-boots were also non regulation. But their quality was most impressive.

Looking at and fumbling with the blackout shutters, Plant casually inquired: "Van Lott? —I won't keep you a moment. You may find it a bit fuggy in here. Take your flying-suit off. Sit down, make yourself at home!"

As the driver opened the door, the heat from the adjutant's office had hit von Werra in the face. He sized up the situation with a glance: the roaring, glowing coal fire on the right and one armchair in front of it, all the others on the far side of the room. The room was as stifling as the stokehold of a ship.

"Mr Boniface" was no fool!

The words of greeting queued up on von Werra's tongue. But the duty officer turned away from the window and spoke abruptly to the driver. Von Werra was momentarily disconcerted and the greeting he had ready remained unspoken. The Englishman looked him up and down. He wore pilot's wings, von Werra noticed. As he turned back to the window he glanced once more at the flying-boots. Was there a flicker of a smile on his face, a barely perceptible relaxation of tension? Had he recognized the boots as German, or had he been reassured by the "Dutchman's" appearance?

Von Werra's glance swept round the room. Charts, maps, blackboards, silhouettes of German aircraft, a framed photograph of a group of airmen, a silver trophy on a wooden bracket, a calendar. He had to do three things immediately: move as far away from the fire as possible, turn the situation to his own advantage, and find out exactly what the Englishman's reactions were.

In reply to the invitation to remove the flying-suit and make himself at home, von Werra replied: "It is not worth the trouble. My plane shall arrive any minute."

When the duty officer had finished stowing away the shutters he started to move back behind the desk. He dusted his hands.

VON WERRA seized the opportunity, strode across the room away from the fire. His right hand was outstretched and his smile was as friendly as he could possibly make it.

"I am so sorry to bother you," he said. "I wish not to make you trouble."

It was as though the "Dutchman" had waited politely until the Englishman had finished what he was doing before advancing naturally to shake his hand. It was now the turn of the duty officer to be disconcerted. He could not ignore the hand stretched out in a warm, friendly gesture. He shook it and smiled almost guiltily. In that unguarded moment he betrayed his real feelings to the alert von Werra.

"Mr. Boniface"—as von Werra still thought him to be—was apparently extremely cautious rather than positively and specifically suspicious. He had harboured doubts but seemed to be largely reassured and feeling a little ashamed. On the one hand, he was inclined to dismiss his doubts as idiotic and melodramatic, and was

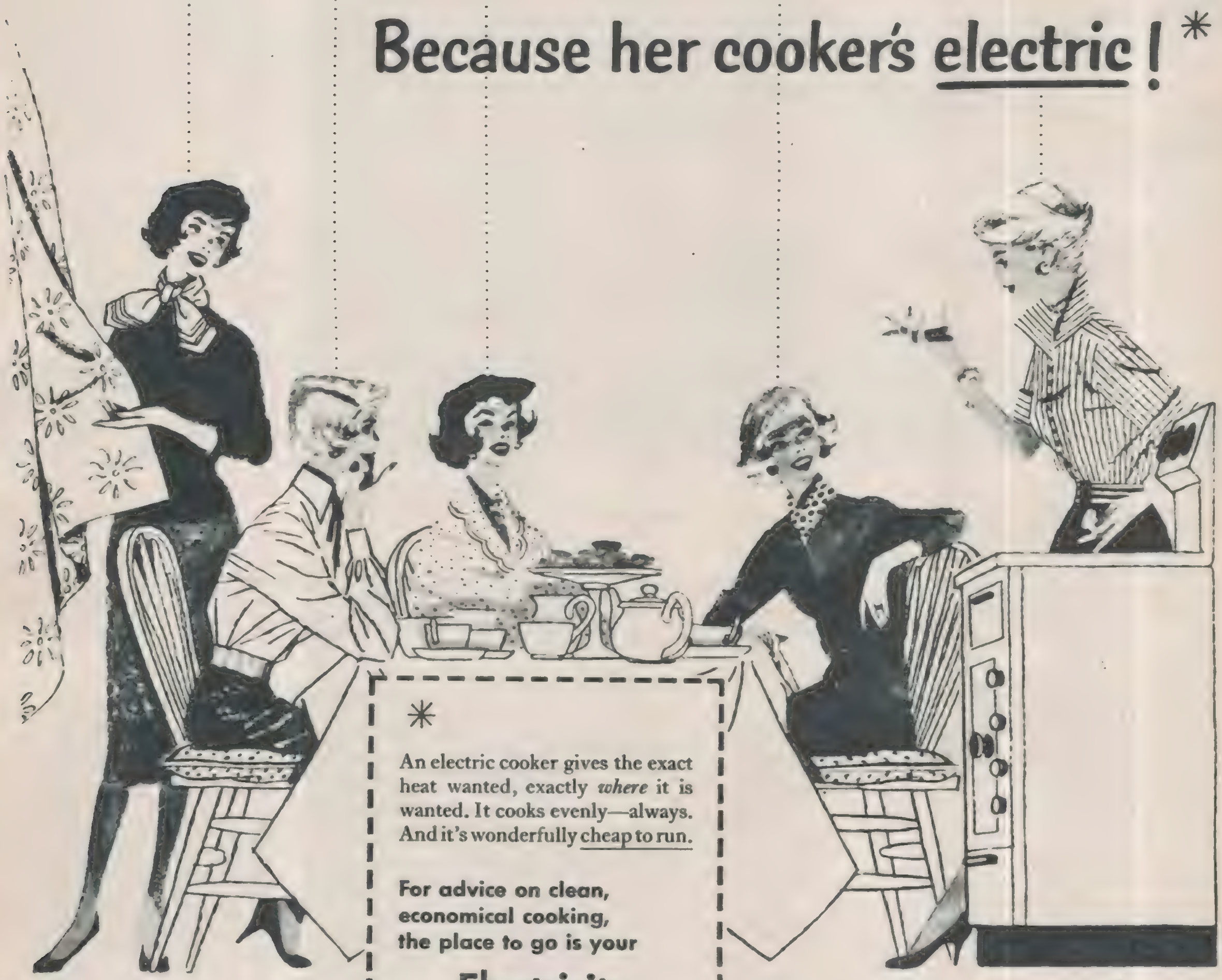
Why is the kitchen so clean ?

Why is the joint so juicy ?

Why are her cakes so evenly baked ?

And why is she saving money ?

Because her cooker's electric ! *



*

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Issued by the Electrical Development Association

afraid they might make him look an ass; on the other hand, he was not willing to take any chances.

Behind von Werra's back, the driver standing in the doorway was making dumb signs to the duty officer. He was trying to ask whether he should hand back the pistol which the duty officer had given him to wear while collecting the "Dutchman." He would also have liked to report that the visitor had asked to be taken straight to the control tower, but he could not do it openly. Did the duty officer want him to stay in the room, in the building, or did he want him to take the vehicle back to the garage?

The duty officer understood the mime regarding the pistol, but it would have been pointed and embarrassing to have taken it back from the driver in front of Captain van Lott. He could not insult the man he had just shaken hands with.

He glanced at the driver and made a gesture of dismissal.

"I'll ring . . ." he said.

Von Werra took the initiative as soon as the driver left.

"You are most kind," he said, "but really I wish not to disturb you—I shall now go and wait by the control tower for my plane, yes?"

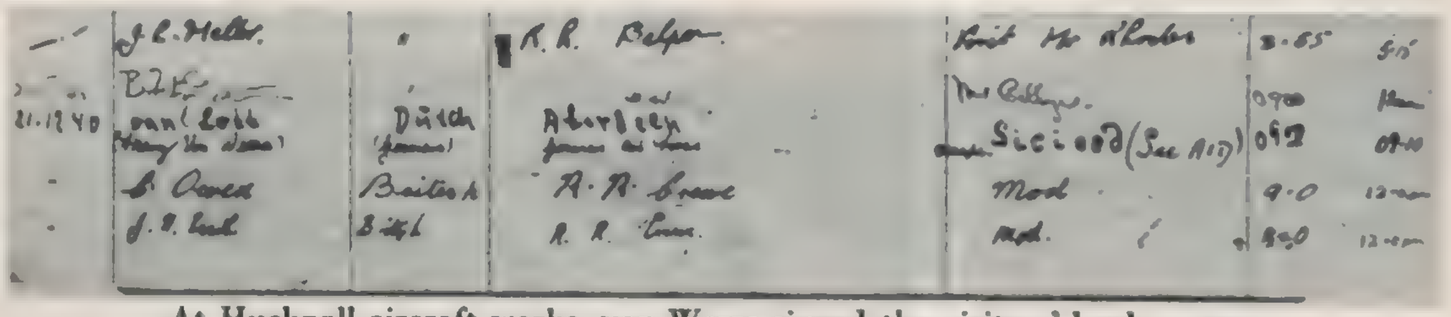
"That's not necessary. Stay in here in the warm. Control will ring me as soon as contact is made with your aircraft. Shall I have some breakfast sent over from the mess for you?"

Von Werra glanced idly at his hands. "No, thank you very much," he said. "But I would like to wash. No hurry. I notice the lavatory as we came in. I have breakfast with the station man at Codnor Park. While we drink our tea the police arrive."

"You mean the police came to Codnor Park Station after all? The booking clerk said they had not turned up."

"They come after you ring again. It was funny. There are two detectives in civiiian clothes and one sergeant policeman. After they speak with me they are angry with the booking man because he waste their time. To me they apologize and wish to help and say good luck."

Von Werra was making the most of the fact that the police had interviewed him and had accepted his story.



At Hucknall aircraft works, von Werra signed the visitors' book as van Lott. Later Sergeant-Major Charles Wilkinson added the correct entry

He remained standing by the desk—as far away from the fire as he could possibly get. He betrayed no signs of discomfort at the heat: he seemed to find it perfectly normal and gave the duty officer no opening to repeat the invitation to take off his flying-suit.

Meanwhile, the duty officer was being steadily grilled by his own coals. He pondered. If the C.I.D. had interviewed van Lott and were satisfied with his story, surely he must be *bona fide*. If they had been in any doubt about him they would never have let him come to Hucknall. The intervention of the C.I.D. put a rather different complexion on the matter. If the police more or less vouched for him. . . .

But had they really interviewed van Lott, vetted him, seen his identity papers—or was the interview just one more episode in an entirely fictitious story?

Von Werra could almost réad the Englishman's thoughts. He did not miss a flicker of his eyes, nor the shadow of a contraction of his brow. But at the same time he himself was thinking furiously about that row of Hurricanes out there on the tarmac. He must get out of the office. Other men would be coming on duty. Pilots would be taking off.

Time was running out. He continued: "The policemen would bring me here in their car but already the one you send is on the way." In a flash of inspiration he remembered an expression one of the policemen had used. "They are grand types," he added.

The duty officer smiled involuntarily. "You certainly had the most amazing luck with that crash," he said. "The details sounded very confusing over the phone. I think you'd better tell me the whole story again from the beginning—you understand I have to make a report? I must also check with your station. Let's see, what's its name again?" He sat down at the desk to make notes.

"Dyce, Aberdeen. But is that really necessary? My plane must arrive any minute."

"Sorry! You know how it is—red-tape, and all that."

The duty officer picked up the telephone. "Anyway," he continued, "I may be able to find out what's happened to the aircraft they're sending. Hallo? Put through a call to the adjutant at Dyce, Aberdeen, will you? Try to hurry it up." He replaced the receiver.

Von Werra shrugged his shoulders.

"Now," said the duty officer, "let me get the details of the crash right. First of all, what time did you take off?"

"Eighteen hours. We set course——"

"——And what time did you crash?"

"Soon before four o'clock."

"I see." That added up all right: the endurance of a Wellington was over ten hours. "Tell me about the op. again. I believe you said you bombed the railway yards at Aalborg?"

"No, I said Esbjerg. On the west coast."

"Ah, that's right, Esbjerg."

The duty officer looked his visitor in the eye.

"Aalborg or Esbjerg," he said, "this is the first I've heard of British raids on Denmark."

Von Werra returned the gaze, then smiled. "We begin last night," he said. "We are a special squadron and make special attacks."

He hurried on to give details of the raid. The duty officer let him talk. Sometimes he thought the "Dutchman "was under a great strain. He smiled too often and his smiles dropped off too abruptly. His expression changed from a broad grin to dead straight, and vice versa, as though by the operation of a switch. But perhaps this was just weariness.

"I suppose you have your 'twelve-fifty' with you?" Form 1250 was the R.A.F. identity card.

Von Werra looked puzzled, "'Twelve-fifty'? . . ."

"Yes. Mind if I see it?"

Von Werra started to undo the zip of his flying-suit.

"Ah, I've been admiring your handsome flying-suit," the duty officer said. "New issue?"

"No, it is my own. I wear it before the war when I fly for K.L.M. between Amsterdam and Batavia. I find it more comfortable than the R.A.F. one. You see, it is——"

The telephone bell rang.

The duty officer lifted the receiver. "Hallo? Hucknall here," he cried.

"*Hallo?* . . . Is that Dyce?"

In his alarm, von Werra backed from the desk in the general direction of the door. He had taken only two or three steps when the duty officer, still speaking into the telephone, said, in a flat, anti-climactic tone of voice: "Oh, it's you. . . . Right ho!" and replaced the receiver.

It had only been operations room at group headquarters announcing air-raid signal "white"—the "all clear."

"You were about to show me your 'twelve-fifty,' Captain," the Englishman said.

Von Werra gambled on his guess that a "1250" was some sort of identity document, rather than an identity disc. His expression and voice conveyed surprise and reproach.

"You know well such things cannot be taken over enemy land," he said. "And already I tell you I belong to a *special* squadron! Of course, I have not my 'twelve-fifty' with me. Why do you ask?"

There was a moment's pause before the

Continued on page 34

Lucky Hernando! He had won something most men cannot buy—all because he lost the . . .

GRAND PRIZE

by GORDON GASKILL

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

I DON'T know what the Ambassador would say if he found out that one of his staff was buying lottery tickets. Probably nothing. Perhaps he buys them himself, like everybody else in Spain.

Next to bullfights and soccer, lotteries are Spain's biggest sport. There's some kind of draw almost every week, but the grandfather of them all is the one held just before Christmas. Spaniards get nearly as excited about that Christmas draw as we do about the Cup Final, but then the Christmas Grand Prize is a lot of money—fifteen million pesetas—which works out at not far off £150,000; and tax free, too.

The tickets are sold all the year round, all over Spain. Every number is divided into twenty parts, and most people buy one part, which costs about £2.

Yet I'd forgotten about the draw, although, like everybody else in Spain, I had a one-twentieth ticket, too. I was walking along the Prado in Madrid when I passed a café, and saw the winning figures chalked up and excited people looking at them.

Number 141414 won the Grand Prize. My hand was trembling as I dug out my wallet and looked at my own counterfoil. It was 141415. Close, but not close enough; I was used to not winning, but to be so near. . . . Even my one-twentieth share would have been about £7,500.

Finally, when my disappointment cooled off a little, I remembered where and how I'd bought my lottery ticket, and I was almost as excited as if I'd won myself.

It had been the previous summer, in Palma de Mallorca, where I go for a holiday whenever I can. To be more specific, it was one night in a little wineshop called The Two Lions. Most tourists have never heard of it, but I liked it, and so did a lot of old Palma visitors. It was cool and dark and comfortable; the wine was excellent and very cheap, and everybody liked Hernando, the young man who ran it.

Well, Hernando owned it, anyway. He had inherited it from his father, but his wife actually ran it—and ran Hernando, too. I don't know whether Maria was really bigger than Hernando was, but she always seemed so. She had a sharp voice and snapping black eyes that kept track of everything and everybody in The Two Lions—and one of those eyes never left her husband. If Hernando smiled twice at a pretty Swedish blonde, or wanted to give credit to an old friend who was hard up, Maria would say something sharp, or give him a long, hard look; and he'd collapse, surrendering, muttering something like: "Yes, my love," or: "Yes, my dove."

But that night last summer Maria was visiting her mother in the country. Hernando was a different man, with her gone. He had a brighter gleam in his eye. Even his voice sounded deeper as he sang to his guitar.

When a lottery ticket vendor came in, Hernando demanded to see what numbers were for sale in the Christmas lottery. He looked them over swiftly, then took one block of numbers and yelled: "A sign! A sign from heaven!"

He grabbed my arm. "Look, my fine British friend! I am born the fourteenth of this month. And here is a number with my own birthday three times—141414! Three times—that itself is lucky, yes? How can I lose?"

The vendor beamed, and began tearing off the usual one-twentieth ticket.

"No!" Hernando roared, stopping him. "When heaven gives a sign, a wise man does not quibble. I take all of them, all twenty."

There was a sudden silence. A whole number cost the equivalent of £40, a lot of money for a small-time Spanish wine seller.

Somebody sniggered. "What will Donna Maria say when she comes back?"

That shook even Hernando for a moment. But then, defiantly, he shouted: "I do what I do!"

He did it, too. He had to empty the cash register, and even go back into his house to find the rest of the money, but he found it. And it was contagious. Nearly everybody else bought some kind of ticket from the vendor that night. I took my usual one-twentieth from the next serial number: 141415. . . .

Now, walking slowly along the Prado, I wondered what Hernando would do with the money. Would he leave his shrewish wife, sell The Two Lions, and go and live like a king somewhere?

It was months before I could get over to Palma again. My plane landed in mid-afternoon, and I had a taxi drive me straight to the wineshop. Outside, anyway, nothing seemed different, except for the big, shining car. Since it was too soon for tourists, it must be Hernando's.

I went in, and saw Hernando himself sitting alone at a table, reading a newspaper. When he heard my step he jumped to his feet, with a big smile. "Welcome back, *señor*! It has been too long a time." Without even asking, he brought a carafe of my favourite white wine.

We lifted our glasses. "Congratulations!" I toasted him. "To the lucky millionaire!"

He smiled oddly when I told him how glad I was that nothing, nothing real, had changed.

"Changed?" he said. "Ah, *señor*, much has been changed. Much! You remember the one who asked what would happen when Maria came back and found that I had spent so much money for a whole number?" I nodded, and he shook his head ruefully. "He was right, that one."

Maria had been, he admitted, like ten thousand wildcats. She had screamed and jeered at him, insisting that he try to re-sell his tickets and get some of the money back.

"Finally I had to agree, *señor*." He shrugged. "One cannot live in a hurricane night and day. But it was not so easy, to re-sell so many tickets. Still, I have friends—and clients, who are also friends. So all but one were sold. She graciously allowed me to keep one ticket."

"If it'd happened to me," I said, "I'd have cut my throat after the draw, to think of those other nineteen winning tickets I'd let go."

He nodded. "My first reaction also, *señor*. And yet. . . ."

He smiled, as if to himself. "Life is a strange thing, *señor*. Who could ever dream how this would turn out?

"First," he went on, "who holds the other nineteen winning tickets? My friends, my clients. They become rich, and whom do they thank for it? Me—Hernando! To them I am their lucky talisman; they are grateful; they come here more than ever and bring all their friends with them. My business has never been so good.

"Secondly, my friend, although I had only one ticket, still it won me 750,000 pesetas, and that is not a nothing. I have my dream of a car, new clothes, money in the bank—and at last a bathroom in the house, inside."

"True," I said. "Still, when you think about what you could have done with all the rest of the money. . . ."

HE smiled again. "Indeed, *señor*, I have thought of this many times. And I have reached a certain conclusion—that I very probably would have made a fool of myself. As it is, it has brought me things that not even a billion pesetas could ever buy."

I was puzzled, and must have looked it. He chuckled. "You ask what I thought of missing so much money. Has it not occurred to you what my wife would think? She who forced me to sell those tickets? Can you imagine what her feelings were?

"But now!" he said, leaning back in his chair happily. "Now, *señor*, all is changed. Whenever Maria raises her voice or makes an angry face, I have to say only one thing, *señor*. I say to her, 'one-four-one-four-one-four.' That is enough. Instantly she must think of the fortune we lost because of her. And what can she say? Nothing!"

He emptied the last of the carafe into our glasses. "So, *señor*, I have won something most men cannot buy. I have won peace, a happy marriage, an obedient wife. What man can ask more of this life?"

He turned slightly in his chair. "Maria!" he called, not sharply, but with calm command. The curtains at the inner door fluttered, and Maria came in. A different Maria, subtly changed, seeming somehow smaller; but not servile, not unhappy—indeed, happier, softer, more womanly.

"Maria," Hernando said casually, "bring us some more wine, please."

She moved swiftly to the big barrels. "At once, my love!" she said. THE END

Maria screamed and raged like ten thousand wildcats . . . . She was as furious as everyone had expected

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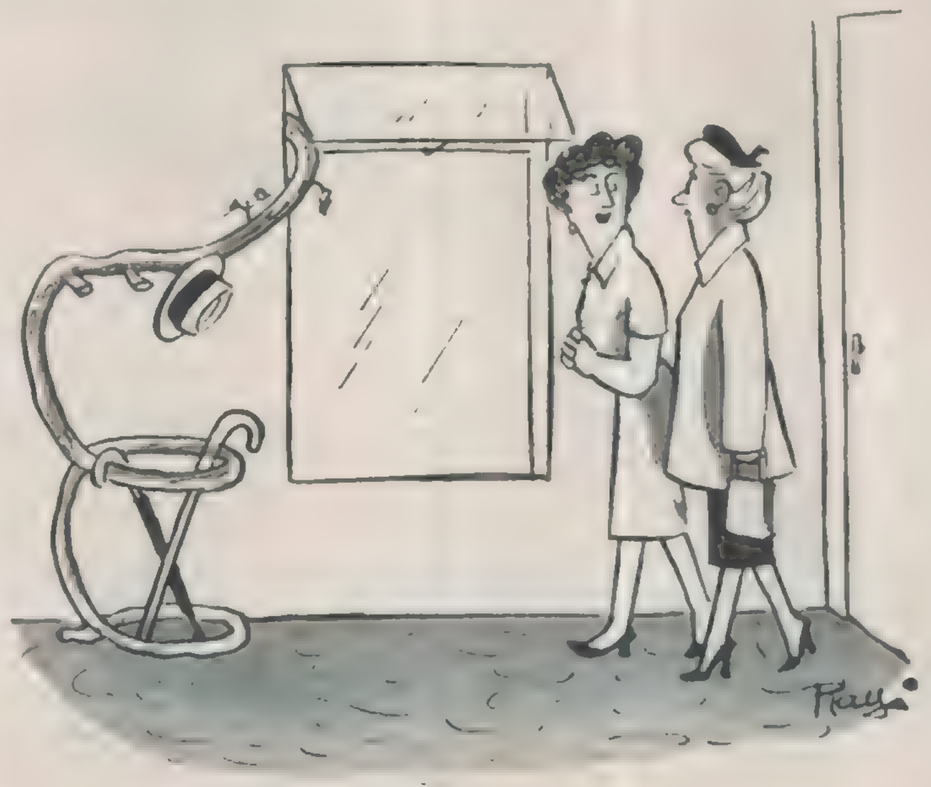

"I'll say this much for Henry—he may not be any use around the house, but he can do absolutely anything with the garden"

Can we trust the atom?

Continued from page 15

from the father. Our particular collection of genes determines all our bodily characteristics down to the colour of our eyes and our hair.

These genes are very complicated molecules, and are contained in the cells that make up our bodies. Each cell contains a complete set of genes, and if it divides into two cells each daughter cell also has a complete set of genes.

The exceptions to this are the sperm and ovum cells. These have only half the normal number of genes each, so that when they unite to form a new individual the normal number is present. In this way each of us gets half of our total number of genes from one parent and half from the other.

A gene, being a large molecule, can be broken up or damaged if an atomic particle passes through or near it. If it is broken up altogether it can no longer function as a gene and so the damage it has suffered has no genetic effects. This, by the way, is why lowered fertility or even temporary sterility is caused by heavy exposure to atomic radiations.

But it can happen that the gene is damaged, but not so badly that it is not able to function in the usual way. When this happens to a gene we say that it has undergone a mutation. The cell containing a mutant (or changed) gene can divide as usual and the mutant gene will be found in both the daughter cells. But if a child inherits a mutant gene it may be handicapped or even deformed.

After the explosion of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima there was much uncontrolled speculation on the effects this would have on the children of those exposed to heavy doses of atomic radiation. Fortunately, careful investigation showed that the proportion of abnormal births among survivors was no greater than in a normal section of the population.

But this gives no ground at all for complacency. For even if serious genetic damage had been done, very little could be expected to appear in the first generation, and this might easily escape detection.

This is because there are two main types of gene, usually called dominant and recessive; or in other words, the ones that always win and the ones that always lose. Nearly all the mutant genes are recessive. Suppose, for example, that one in a thousand of the population of a city suffers a particular mutation that corresponds to some deformity. Then the deformity will only appear if two people, both with this particular mutation, marry.

In that case, the chance of this deformity occurring is no more than one in a million. In the vast majority of cases the next generation will simply act as carriers of the mutant gene. And so it will gradually spread, unknown and unsuspected, throughout the whole community. Then at last, perhaps not until tens of generations have passed, two unfortunate people with the mutant gene marry, and the deformity comes out in their children.

This is, of course, happening all the time, due to the many mutations we cannot avoid. The mutation responsible for the premature death of a friend may have been caused by a cosmic ray in the time of William the Conqueror.

In all medical treatment using atomic radiation there is some danger of genetic damage. This is generally negligible. The danger that exists from irradiation of the pelvis of younger people is, of course, balanced by the good to be expected of the treatment.

As in other branches of medicine, risks have sometimes to be taken in an emergency if life is to be saved. But we can and should avoid any unnecessary addition to the present load of mutant genes, with all the human suffering they bring.

In all the industries using atomic radiations the strict standards laid down to ensure safety are constantly being revised. One of the troubles, of course, is that, as the radiations cannot be directly felt, the rules may seem artifictal. Often a job can be done simply and directly if the rules are ignored for a few minutes.

But now the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children from generation to generation in a more direct and physical way than was ever thought possible. Man's safeguard is that he has added to the power of his senses by devising delicate scientific instruments, and these can preserve him from danger as surely as his natural instincts, as soon as he learns to use them.

In the last century electricity seemed just as strange and fearful to most people as radioactivity does now. But gradually people began to understand it and soon it became accepted as a normal and, indeed, essential part of the equipment of modern living.

It will be just the same with atomic energy. We shall all learn to live with it, in spite of its strangeness. It is not an interesting luxury; it is a necessity of survival. THE END

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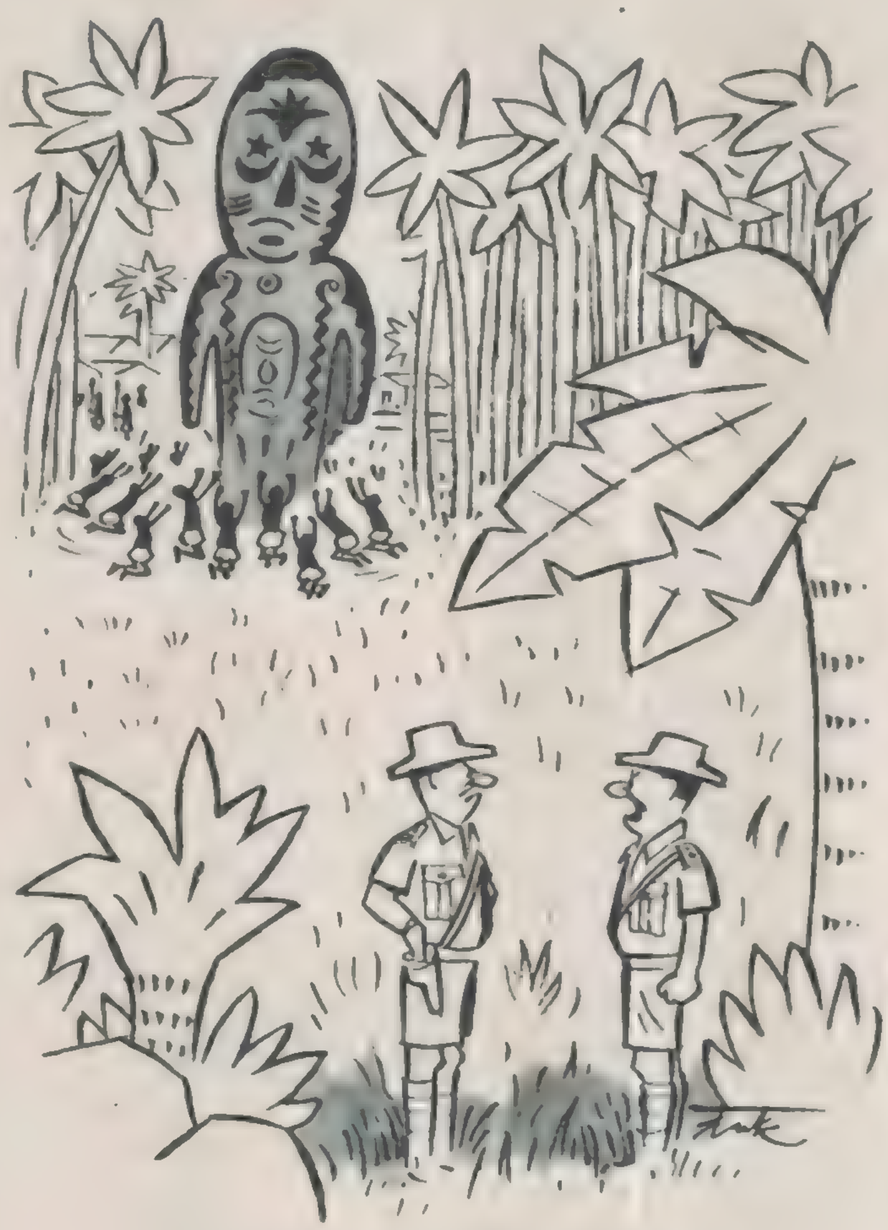

"I don't care if they are our allies, I'm not going to call that thing padre"

The one that got away

Continued from page 29

Englishman replied. "Yes, I know all about that," he said. "It's all very well. . . . But surely you realize that you must identify yourself properly? If that telephone operator would buck his ideas up and get through to Dyce. . . . If you don't have your 'twelve-fifty,' at least you'll have your identity disc. Supposing you show me that?"

Von Werra turned towards the desk. He laughed tolerantly to show the duty officer that he bore him no malice for his insistence on formalities. He felt he could be magnanimous with complete confidence. Wasn't his home-made identity disc, forged by prisoners at Swanwick Camp, a perfect replica of the genuine article? And wasn't it hanging on a string round his neck?

"Of course," he said easily. "I show you my identity disc. You are very careful."

He opened the zip-fastener of his flying-suit a little farther and fumbled behind the tartan scarf, undoing first a button of his shirt and then a button of his woollen vest.

His fingers and thumb found the disc. He touched it and gasped. Perspiration and the heat of his body had reduced the disc to clammy pulp. He dare not produce it.

The shock immobilized him. He was bent forward slightly, both hands at his neck, his right elbow in the air. For the first time since his arrival at Hucknall, his wits were paralysed. He just did not know what to do next.

The duty officer had been looking on with mild but slightly embarrassed amusement. "I'm sorry, Captain," he said. "Bit awkward, is it?"

Von Werra looked up, grinned feebly and resumed his fumbling.

The telephone bell rang. The duty officer picked up the receiver.

"Right!" he said to the operator. "About time! Put me through. . . . Hallo? Dyce?" He began shouting again. The line was apparently a bad one. He bent forward over the desk, screwing up his face, concentrating, placing one hand over his free ear.

But von Werra had no desire to hear the conversation. When the duty officer glanced up, exasperated, he saw that his visitor had backed farther across the room and was now standing in front of the door, raising his eyebrows interrogatively, going through the motions of washing his hands and mouthing something in an exaggerated whisper.

"Eh?" said the Englishman, momentarily uncovering his ears.

"Won't be long!" said von Werra, and went out of the office.

He stomped down the corridor to the door marked "Gentlemen" which he opened and slammed—from the outside.

He tip-toed across the hall to the main door. As he opened it he could hear the duty officer shouting: ". . . Captain van Lott . . . two words. . . . Hallo? . . . a Dutchman. . . ."

He could still hear shouts of "Hallo?" as he passed under the window of the adjutant's office, crouching down below the sill.

Von Werra had got away from the office and "Mr. Boniface." But for how long? Time was now the supremely vital factor. Fractions of seconds mattered.

He sprinted back along the road he had travelled in the R.A.F. vehicle. There was not a soul in sight. He turned left, towards the group of hangars and the gaggle of Hurricanes.

There are a number of conflicting reports about what happened after

BORES—1

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Voltaire

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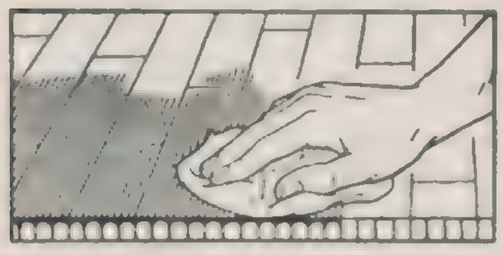

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that. Von Werra claimed that he slowed down to a walk near the first hangar, at the front of which construction work was being carried out. Builders looked down curiously at him from scaffolding. He dodged between a cement mixer and a heap of ballast, almost bumping into a labourer cutting open a cement bag.

He was out of sight of headquarters. He did not start running again, but walked briskly, purposefully. Past a wrecked aircraft and a row of twin-engined bombers. They were no good to him, but the sight of the staring roundels, the smell of aircraft dope and oil, the wide sweep of the airfield, made his nostrils twitch and his blood tingle. The orange-red orb of the sun had risen above the rim of the airfield and frost sparkled on the grass.

The doors of the second hangar were wide open. It was full of aircraft in various stages of assembly. Ahead was the group of Hurricanes. A mechanic, wearing a dark smock, was dodging about near one of them. A trolley-acc. (accumulator trolley) was beside him. The Hurricane was about to be started up.

There was only this mechanic in sight and von Werra needed someone to explain the controls of the British fighter to him.

The mechanic looked up wonderingly as the little man in the unusual flying-suit approached.

"Good morning!" said von Werra. "I am Captain van Lott, a Dutch pilot. I have just been posted here. But Hurricanes I have not yet flown. Mr. Boniface, the adjutant, send me down here so you should show me the controls and make a practice flight. Which one is ready for take-off? This one here?"

He looked the mechanic straight in the eyes and spoke with firmness and authority.

The mechanic looked puzzled. Then von Werra noticed that he was not in R.A.F. uniform, but wore civilian trousers and shirt and a striped tie.

"Haven't you come to the wrong place?" the man asked. "This is a private firm. We have nothing to do with the R.A.F. over there."

"I know. But Mr. Boniface said it was to you I should come. I don't have much time. . . ."

The mechanic pondered. Then the probable explanation dawned on him. The airman had said he was a "captain," so he must be a ferry pilot from White Waltham, headquarters of Air Transport Command. Apparently he had come to take delivery of a Hurricane.

It was a common occurrence for civilian ferry pilots, known by the courtesy rank of captain, many of them foreigners speaking hardly a word of English, to collect aircraft which had been sent to the Rolls-Royce works for modification. Moreover, when they had to fly a type of aircraft new to them they often asked for a practical demonstration of controls and peculiarities, in addition to the printed pilot's notes which were issued to them. Of course, von Werra knew none of this.

"Ah," said the mechanic, "then you must be a ferry pilot?"

Von Werra did not know the meaning of the word "ferry." But he thought it best to agree. "Yes, of course," he replied.

"That's different," the mechanic said, "but I can't do anything until you've signed the visitors' book, and then you'll have to get your paper work attended to. Hang on a minute, Captain—I'll go and fetch the manager or somebody."

The mechanic walked across the tarmac into the hangar. Von Werra stood leaning against the fuselage of the Hurricane.

A brand-new, beautiful Hurricane with not a scratch on it! A colossal beast, it seemed, twice as large as the Hurricanes he had encountered in air combat. He was tempted to climb into the cockpit and try to start the engine. But it was no good. There were certain controls he must be sure about before he attempted to take off. If he got into the cockpit now it might wreck his chances altogether.

Familiar, nostalgic sounds issued from the hangar, as though from a cave: the beating of metal, the whirr of electric drills, somebody singing, somebody else whistling, the musical tinkle of a ring-spanner dropped on to concrete.

At any minute "Mr. Boniface" would know the truth. The alarm would be sounded and every man on the aerodrome mobilized to hunt for him.

The mechanic came out of the hangar with a man wearing a khaki

BORES—2

A bore is a man who, when you ask him how he is, tells you.

B. L. Taylor

smock. They approached the Hurricane in a leisurely fashion, talking and looking at one another from time to time, apparently discussing something quite unconnected with the "Dutch" captain. Von Werra remained leaning negligently against the fuselage, one arm stretched out along it, one flying-boot crossed in front of the other, his body half-covering the roundel painted on the side.

The man in the khaki smock, who von Werra took to be the manager, smiled pleasantly and said: "Good morning, Captain!" His manner was positive, as though his mind was already made up and he was dealing with an everyday occurrence. "I hear you've come to collect a Hurricane," he continued. "If you'll come with me we'll get your paper work fixed up."

"It shall take long? I have little time," von Werra replied. "I just want to learn controls of the Hurricane."

"I'm afraid nothing can be done until you've signed the visitors' book. We'll soon fix you up, though."

Von Werra reluctantly followed the man, who led him to an asphalt yard. On the other side of it was a gate with a glass-sided lodge beside it. A man in a blue uniform was sitting inside the lodge. Evidently a works policeman.

The manager—as von Werra presumed his guide to be—entered and spoke to him. Through the window von Werra saw a large, solemn, white-faced clock on a wall. A couple of minutes to nine. His mouth opened and his brow furrowed as he watched the thin, central second hand sweeping round the

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dial. He bit his lip and looked away.

If only these idiots would hurry up! He fumbled for his English cigarettes and matches with moist, quivering hands. Then the two men came out of the lodge.

As they emerged, von Werra put away his cigarettes and matches, making sure that they saw them. He nonchalantly flicked away the match with which he had lighted a cigarette.

"'Morning, sir!" said the policeman brightly.

"'Morning!" von Werra replied in the same tone.

"If you'll just sign along the next line, sir. . . ."

The entry had to be made across two pages, which were divided into columns. They were already half-filled with many different styles of handwriting. As he was afraid his German style of writing might betray him, von Werra decided to make his entry in printed characters.

The first four columns were headed: Date, Name, Nationality, and Address respectively, and presented little difficulty. He wrote:

21.12.40 VAN LOTT DUTCH ABERDEEN.

The fifth column was headed Order. He had no idea what he should write under it, and the other entries in the column were indecipherable. He casually asked the policeman whether he wanted this item written out in full.

"No, it doesn't matter, sir. Just put, 'See A.I.D.'"

Von Werra was none the wiser for his successful ruse. He asked the policeman to spell the words—Aeronautical Inspection Directorate—but when he did so he was all the more confused. He had to write something. The man he thought was the manager was watching over his shoulder. The second hand was sweeping round the dial. Guards were probably searching every corner for him.

He made an entry of sorts—but the nearest he could get to "See A.I.D." was "Sicioed." The proper entry was later filled in by the policeman.

The next column was headed Time of Arrival. The clock showed exactly nine o'clock, so von Werra wrote "0900" (hours).

"That's it, sir. Now everything's in order." The policeman smiled happily and von Werra's spirits soared. If Mr. Boniface would only give him another five minutes . . . !

He now felt so confident that when his guide, "the manager," asked him for his written orders covering the collection of the Hurricane, he replied firmly and without hesitation: "My papers, parachute—all my kit—will come on a plane which shall land here soon—any minute. I will have instructions on controls to save time, yes?"

"Right-ho. We can do that all right now that you've signed the book. Come with me, Captain."

The mechanic in the dark smock had come out into the yard. "The manager" went over to him and told him to take the captain back to the Hurricane and explain its instruments and controls in detail. Meanwhile a telephone call was made to Hucknall R.A.F. station, as a precautionary check on the "Dutchman."

Von Werra followed the mechanic back across the yard, and to where the planes were.

No R.A.F. uniforms in sight! And there was the beautiful, brand-new Hurricane, with a coating of rime on its wings and——

Hell's teeth! — the accumulator trolley was no longer beside it. Nowhere in sight. Some other mechanic must have taken it away while he was signing that blasted book.

Oh, well, he would just have to hope

BORES—3

And the man who plays on the violin is a bore to the man with the flute.

Walter Learned

that he could start the engine using the battery in the aircraft.

The mechanic climbed up on one side of the cockpit and slid back the hood. A couple of seconds later von Werra was sitting at the controls, the strange-feeling stick in his hands, aghast at the completely unfamiliar layout and instrument panel. Leaning over him into the cockpit, the mechanic carefully explained the controls and instruments.

Von Werra hung on to his every word. But there was much he was unable to follow, too many words he did not understand. He could not absorb and retain all that information in so short a time. He almost panicked. Never mind all these details—what were the essentials?

The compass. Heavens! What kind of compass was that? How did you set the damned thing?

He had determined before escaping from Swanwick that 120 degrees was the most direct course to fly from the Midlands to the Continent.

"Set the compass to one hundred and twenty degrees, for instance," he told the mechanic. The mechanic obliged. Von Werra looked from the reset compass to the sun. It didn't make sense. He could not make head or tail of the compass. To hell with it. He would take off and keep the sun to port.

The stick. A monstrous contraption! As long as he didn't stand the aircraft on its nose when trying to take off. . . .

The hydraulic brake system. Incomprehensible! He had never seen anything like it. Ah, never mind! Hope for the best. As long as he didn't stand the aircraft on its nose. . . .

The starter. Most important! Try it. The mechanic had already pointed out the starter button and the injection pump. What had he said was the proper drill? Von Werra could not remember.

It was a cold morning. Would the aircraft battery be strong enough to turn the engine through the stiff oil? If so, then in a minute he would be on the edge of the field. He would have to taxi along the perimeter road until the engine warmed up. In five minutes he would be airborne setting course by the sun. In half an hour or so he would be approaching the familiar French coastline. Then—throw the kite flat on the deck on the cliff tops—never mind about the undercart—before the flak started flying about. He would have made it!

He glared at the starter button. He willed the battery to be strong enough. God grant. . . . It was almost a prayer.

Before the mechanic could anticipate his move, he jabbed the button. *Whirr—whirr.* The propeller revolved twice then stuck. Not a cylinder fired.

"Don't do that!" the mechanic cried in alarm. "Can't start without the trolley-acc!"

"Fetch it, then!" von Werra ordered.

He must have it. He must make the mechanic get it.

He must make him *hurry* to get it.

"It's not available just now. Somebody else is using it." Just who did this little man think he was?

Von Werra bit his lip. He could not possibly have more than a few minutes left. He must have the trolley-acc. He must have it. He must have it at once. But if he tried to boss and hurry the mechanic, it would probably have the opposite effect; he would sulk and deliberately take his time. Or not fetch it at all.

He turned on the von Werra smile. "*Please* get it, yes? I really am in a hurry."

The mechanic looked hard at the

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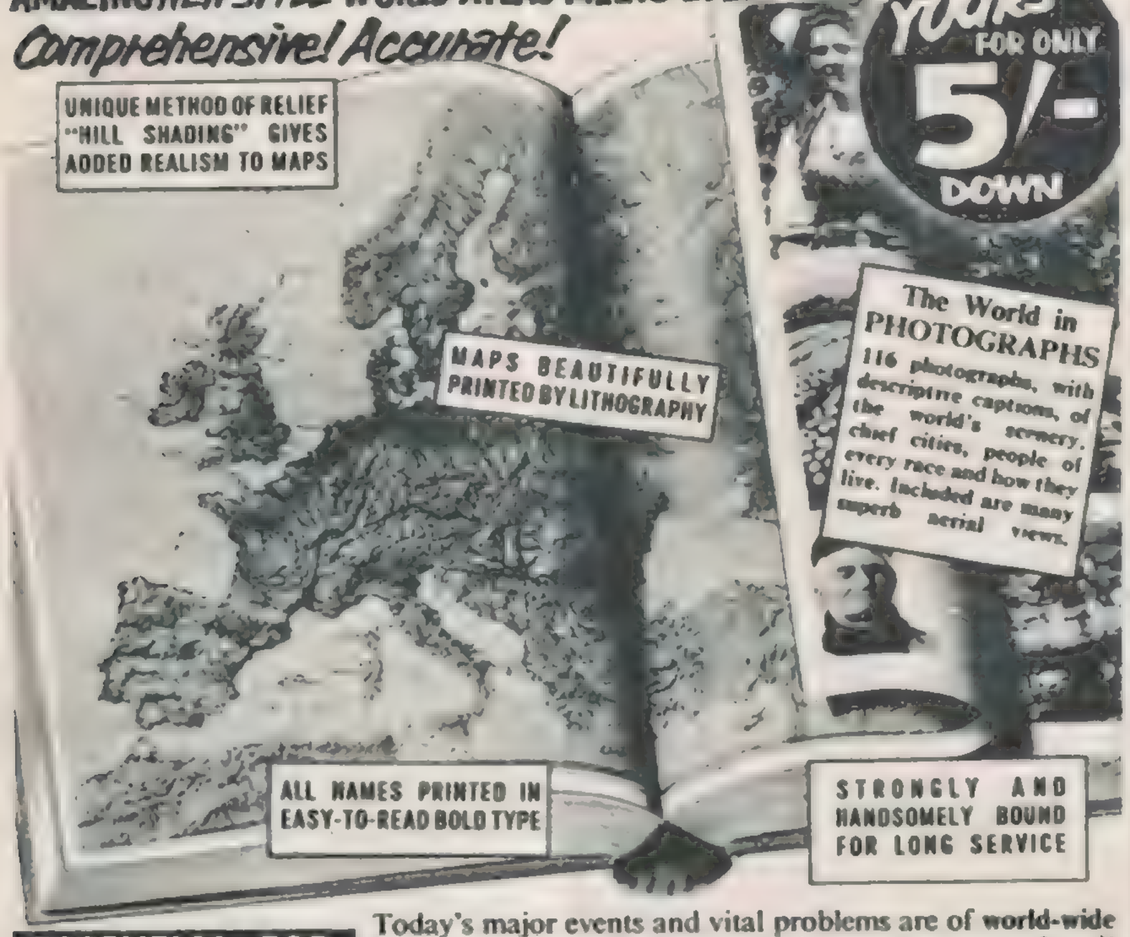
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"My, you're early this morning, Bartlett—had a row with your wife?"

smiling "Dutchman," then grinned himself.

"All right," he said. "I'll see if I can find it."

The aircraft swayed slightly as he stepped down off the wing. He moved off in the direction of the hangar.

Von Werra glanced back up the perimeter of the airfield. Surely, at any second now men would come running round by the scaffolding on the end hangar. He must not think about it, but use these last few minutes to concentrate on the controls and the instrument panel. The air-speed indicator was graduated in miles per hour. He would have to convert that into kilometres. The altimeter showed height in feet. He would have to convert that into metres.

He heard a strange whining sound and looked out of the cockpit. The mechanic was coming across the tarmac on an electric truck which was pulling the accumulator trolley.

Von Werra's heart thumped madly. His hands were clammy, his throat dry.

Two more minutes! God grant nobody turned up.

The mechanic manipulated the truck with conscious expertness, swinging it round in a graceful sweep, halting it dead, with a clatter of couplings, so that the trolley-acc. was in exactly the right position. He jumped off the truck platform, went behind to the trolley-acc. and raised the armoured cable over his shoulder, preparatory to plugging it in.

The aircraft swayed. For a second von Werra did not grasp the significance of the movement. He operated the injection pump a couple of times, hoping it would be enough.

A voice above him on the port side said quietly: "Get out!"

He jerked his head back. At eye level on the left-hand side of the cockpit, the sun was reflected on a highly polished button of an air force officer's uniform.

Von Werra's eye ran over the other buttons, over the pistol which the officer carried, over a chin, a mouth twisted in a queer sort of grin, and halted on a pair of cold, blue eyes.

It was "Mr. Boniface."

NEXT WEEK: Von Werra dives from a speeding prison train

"The One That Got Away" is published as a book by Collins and Michael Joseph at 16s.

I teach from a wheelchair

Continued from page 21

with it. One day, a drunken hawker found his way into the school. He somehow succeeded in selling some plants to a teacher, and then burst into my room.

He insisted on my buying some plants. I said I did not want any, and asked him to leave. He became truculent and forced a bundle of plants into my hand.

"Buy 'em!" he shouted at me.

"Go on! Get out!" I roared, and I propelled my wheelchair at him as hard as it would go. The intruder scuttled through the door, and I chased him, like the proverbial headmaster, across the yard and out of the school gate.

After I had been back at school a short time, I began to get over-confident in my wheelchair. One morning I had gone to talk to a member of the staff when a child brought a message that the chairman of the school governors and an official from the Gas Board were awaiting me in my room. I spun my chair easily out of the classroom and swiftly along the corridors.

To save time in negotiating corners, I had developed the trick of backing into my room. Perhaps for the benefit of my visitors, I now performed the manoeuvre with extra zest and something of a flourish. Unfortunately, I forgot the presence of a worn and upturned piece of coconut matting on the floor.

Sure enough, one of my small rear wheels caught in it. My chair and I flipped neatly but noisily on to our backs. Like an upturned turtle, I stared helplessly at the ceiling. The astonished chairman and the Gas Board official quickly lifted me on to my wheels again.

I made a mental note of the two lessons that the incident had taught me. One was that a man in a wheelchair cannot afford to be too confident; the other, that he cannot afford tatty coconut matting. I replaced it that same day.

The mystery illness which has turned me into a headmaster on wheels began on December 31, 1950. On that Sunday evening, I went early to bed, feeling unwell. I lay for six days in serious pain.

Then on the Saturday night, two ambulancemen strapped me on to a

stretcher and carried me downstairs again, on the way to hospital: I was paralysed from the waist down.

Lying in the ambulance, I knew I was going to die. I felt strangely uplifted. But as soon as I reached hospital, two doctors brought me right back to earth. For an hour, they subjected me to the most searching examination, testing the reaction of every muscle in the body from my head to my toes.

To them, I was a specimen bursting with interest, suffering from a condition they could not explain. To me, the whole thing was too miserable for words. Surely, I thought, this is no way to treat a parting soul?

After an hour of their enthusiastic foraging, I blurted: "Do you really think there's hope for me?"

"Oh yes," said one of the white coats. "You're past the peak of your illness and you're a little better already. You will get back the use of some muscles. How much, we don't know. A lot depends on you."

So I was not dying. I was dumbfounded. I realized later that the unearthly feeling was a reaction at the end of a week of intense pain.

At first, my paralysis deteriorated rather than improved. At the beginning of that first week in hospital, I could just wiggle three toes on my left foot. A fortnight later, I couldn't wiggle any.

Against this, I could set an improvement in other muscles: by sheer diligence, I got back the control of the lower half of my trunk.

My mysterious condition made me something of a freak. I became the subject of interminable discussions. I was stripped and pummelled and pinched and pricked and described to students. At times it became difficult for me to appreciate that it was all being done in a good cause—my own well-being.

Every day, one physiotherapist tried to stimulate my paralysed muscles to work with electricity and another spent seemingly hours encouraging me to work them under my own steam. A thousand times, the devoted girl held her hand first under one foot and then under the other and said: "Press", and a thousand times as I tried desperately but in vain to obey her she said: "Good."

In time, I lost all sensation in my legs, and this threw considerable doubt on the polio diagnosis. Eventually, at a hospital check two years ago, I learned that damage to my spinal cord at birth had caused the illness and the paralysis. It was a relief to have a firm diagnosis at last, and to know that my condition would not deteriorate.

I intend to continue teaching until I reach the retirement age. I believe that I have made a success of the job from a wheelchair; and furthermore, I believe that it even gives me a slight advantage over my colleagues.

A normal man, standing, sees mostly the tops of children's heads, with a slanting view of their faces. I, in my chair, see their full faces, in which I can read their thoughts most clearly; in which I can see their difficulties, their fears and their fun.

The children work at tables which have short legs. The average teacher is far too tall to bend down comfortably to examine the children's books and to give assistance as they go along. But I, in my chair, can pull up alongside any child and see the work he or she has done in a comfortable position. Then I can discuss the whole matter with him, man to man.

I would not insist that all teachers work in wheelchairs. But if they did, I am sure they would find it a great advantage.

THE END

BORES—4

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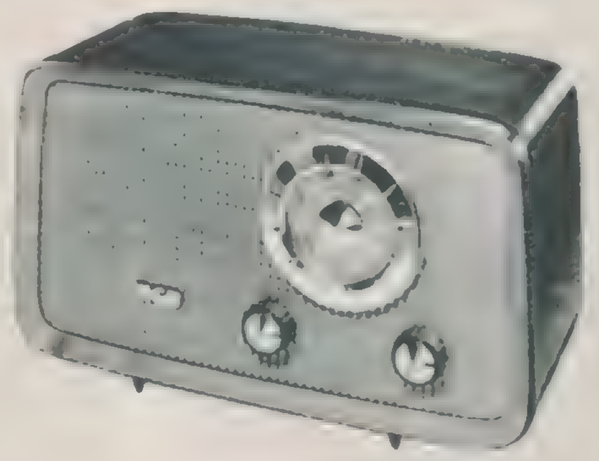

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The tribe that lost its head

Continued from page 25

things—discipline, and the fiercer emotions that went with thoughts of rescue.

The governor raised his head again, looking at Keith Crump. "Just bring us up to date, Keith, there's a good fellow. Start from this morning."

Crump's account was succinct and precise; there was no trace in his voice of the murderous surprise of the ambush, still less of the horror that might be masked behind it. It was a police report, presented formally at the close of the day.

When he had finished: "Thank you, Keith," said the governor. "I think that's all quite clear. . . . I'm sure you were right to—er—break off the action, and go back to Gamate." He cleared his throat. "Before we consider ways and means, I'd like to complete the general picture for you."

Now it was the governor's turn to report, and, somewhat to David's surprise, his tone and manner were not vastly different from Crump's. Danger and doubt had sharpened his style, crisis had brought out tough qualities from an older, more effective past.

"This affair at Shebiya has come at a very bad time," he began, "when we were already stretched to the limits. We've managed to bring things under control down here in Port Victoria; the strike is still in operation, but there's been very little further violence. We've recruited a civic guard, of sorts. . . ."

In the pause that followed, David asked: "Sir, is there any more news of Dinamaula?"

"Not that I know of," answered the governor. "He's still here, of course, but still proving stubborn, and quite uncommunicative." He looked at Crump. "Have your people anything to add to that?"

"Only one thing, sir," answered Crump. "Zuva Katsaula, his cousin, called on Dinamaula a few days ago. Then he disappeared. He's rumoured to be up in Shebiya."

"So Dinamaula may well have planned this Shebiya affair?"

"It's possible."

The governor nodded to himself, as if he were filing the intelligence away. "Turning now to Gamate," he went on, nodding towards Crump again, "the main body of the police force is of course in camp up there. There is still a great deal of unrest and rioting to contend with. We cannot afford to weaken that concentration. And that's really the crux of our dilemma at the moment. Because——" he looked at each of them in turn, "the battalion coming from East Africa has again been delayed. They won't be here for at least another day. Then they have to disembark, and so forth."

"They're coming by *sea*?" asked David, who had not known this.

Captain Simpson, the naval aide, answered him. "Yes," he said weightily. "They're in a small troop transport, sailing from Mombasa."

"But sir," said Crump, in a taut voice, "can't they fly troops in from Kenya?"

Now it was Aidan's turn. "All the troops that can be spared for Pharamaul are stuck in the transport, coming round by sea. They simply haven't any more to send. We're still completely on our own here, for the next thirty-six hours."

"And there you have it," said Sir Elliott. "Port Victoria is quiet, and possibly under control. Gamate is still highly explosive and dangerous. We really have as much as we can handle here, with our available resources, and no one to spare to force a way through to Shebiya. Isn't that so, Keith?"

"We certainly can't spare enough men to break through," agreed Crump morosely. "It would take a small army. We can do it all right when the soldiers arrive. But in the meantime. . . ."

"In the meantime," said the governor, bridging the heavy silence, "Shebiya has already been cut off for over twelve hours. We really have no idea of what may be happening up there."

The room suddenly seemed full of ideas, crude and bloody and tragic, of what could be happening up at Shebiya. "I'm afraid we'll just have to wait."

David caught Nicole's eyes on him, and her pale face, pleading for action. She was clearly in anguish. He glanced sideways at Aidan, and saw a like reflection of horror and impotence. Sir Elliott was looking down at the blotter on his desk; Crump was lying back, an exhausted fighting man whose weapons had been stolen. It was true that there was nothing more to be done. In all good faith they had given up three hostages—Tom Ronald, his wife, and old Father Schwemmer—and they could not retrieve them before the next two mortal sunsets.

Suddenly, inexplicably, Captain Simpson stood up. He spoke throatily, as if under heavy stress. "Sir!" he intoned.

"Yes, Hereward?" said the governor, taken aback.

"Sir, a cutting-out expedition!"

On the instant there was throughout the room a general, deeply uncomfortable feeling that this was an unfortunate moment for the naval aide-de-camp to be drunk. But in fact Captain Simpson was not drunk, nor anything like it, and he made the point clear within a few moments.

"Sir," he said, quickly, "a cutting-out expedition . . . !"

"We can't get through to Shebiya by frontal land attack, but we *can* get through if we capture the village from the rear, while the people defending it are expecting us to come from an entirely different direction."

His eyes glowed, emphasizing an amazing transformation. "Sir, we can go round by sea, make our landing on the east coast opposite Shebiya, march through to the town, and be in full possession of it before they've really woken up to what's happening. They're expecting us to come by road, from the south. We'll come by sea, and then through the forest, from the east."

There was a large scale map of Pharamaul hanging on the wall behind the governor's chair. He turned towards it, and everyone in the room followed his movement.

"You mean," said the governor, narrowing his eyes, "we could make a landing at Fish Village, and take the forest track up to Shebiya? How far would that be?"

"Not more than thirty miles," said Crump, with awakening interest. "I know the ground, sir. It's a passable road."

"We could take the jeep," put in Captain Simpson. "Get through in about three hours."

"We could take troop carriers as well," added Crump. "I've got two of them available."

"Just a minute!" said the governor, reprovingly. "What about a boat? We have nothing——"

"Sir, there's a boat in harbour at this moment which would just suit us." Simpson was pressing forward again, eager, knowledgeable. "She belongs to an American—I can't remember his name, but I went aboard her yesterday to look round. One of those luxury cruising yachts."

"But she's not our boat," objected the governor.

"She could be," answered Simpson stoutly. "In this sort of emergency, we could certainly commandeer her. Or we could arrange it through Lou Strogoff, the American consul. Or we could just ask the owner. He was very friendly yesterday."

"We'll still need troops to do it," Aidan said.

"We wouldn't need nearly so many troops, this way," Crump said. "I could take all the available men from Port Victoria." He looked at the governor. "You said it's pretty quiet here, sir, and we've always got that civic guard to fall back on. That means that, for a few days at least, we could spare perhaps fifty armed policemen, the whole Port Victoria contingent. We've got Bren guns for them, in the armoury here."

The governor, who had been writing, raised his head. "A sea assault," he said. "A cutting-out expedition. . . . Captain Simpson in general charge of the whole operation. Keith Crump in field command of the police. David as second-in-command.

"There are three stages to be covered. One, arrange about the boat. Two, arm yourselves, and the policemen. Three, get on board, with your transport, and start out." He looked at Simpson. "Number one is yours, of course. It's a bit late, I know, but can you get in touch with the owner of the boat?"

"I think so, sir," answered Simpson. "He may even still be up at the club. I've just remembered his name, by the way. It's Loganquist."

"I'll leave all that to you, then. It may require some measure of diplomacy. . . . Now for the police. Do you really feel up to this, Keith?"

"Yes, sir!"

"How long will you need to collect your men?"

Crump considered. "I'll have to winkle them out, recall some of them from patrol, see about their arms, get them down to the docks, and load the vehicles. . . . About six o'clock tomorrow morning, sir."

"Very well," said the governor. He consulted his notes. "Communications?"

"The boat has a radio," said Captain Simpson. "Biggest I've ever seen. We can organize a wave-length to fit the police schedule."

"And when you land?"

"The jeep has its own set," said Crump. "As soon as we get ashore, we'll make contact, and keep on reporting."

"Very well," said the governor again. "That really leaves only one more thing. David?"

"Yes, sir?" answered David, in doubt and some anxiety.

"Just behind you," said the governor, with no change of expression, "is a cupboard. In the cupboard are glasses, soda water, ice, and a decanter of whisky. I suggest," he said, with a wonderful, heart-warming air of shedding a heavy load on to men whom he trusted implicitly, "that we all drink a quick health to the success of the expedition, the cutting-out expedition. . . ."

Then, as David rose, smiling, to obey, the governor turned to Captain Simpson. "Wasn't it your great-great-great-uncle," he asked guilelessly, "who brought off this same sort of thing, a few miles north of Corunna, in 1797 . . . ?"

Later David and Nicole had a few hours alone together, in Nicole's flat. They were happy at first, until the situation forced itself upon them again. Then they fell silent, and Nicole's eyes were suspiciously bright.

"You mustn't cry, darling," David said.

"I can't help it. It's all so sad."

"What's sad?"

"You leaving, just when you've arrived. And the Ronalds, up in Shebiya. And what's going to happen tomorrow."

"But you were happy, a little time ago."

"That was because it was just you and me alone at last after not seeing each other for weeks. We know what that is like. . . . But then, things came crowding in. . . . I'm sorry."

David stared miserably at the clock in Nicole's tiny sitting room. He was

MY BROTHER Bert

THREE days after Bert was born, his right eye became sore and puffed. My parents did what they could, but they were very poor people, and in those days there wasn't much medical help for the people who lived in the poorer parts of London. He never recovered the sight of that eye.

Bert was a cheerful little lad, but at first he resisted school. I well remember having literally to drag him to Stockwell Road Board School with the help of a ginger headed boy from the next street. Looking back on it, I wonder whether it was not the enjoyment of the slide along the alley near our home that made him so keen to stay away.

Bert says that among the things he remembers learning at school was a speech from *Henry V* and Gray's *Elegy*, both of which he used to quote copiously in his speeches. Certainly it was thirty years before he knew what a split infinitive was; now he is very hot on this particular grammatical rule.

At the age of fourteen he left school and wanted to become a compositor; and he was almost offered a job as a clerk on the Stock Exchange. But Father said that having only one eye would rule out both of these jobs. So eventually he became a grocer's boy.

He showed a healthy interest in the mysteries of courting, and once he followed my boy friend Bernard and me round Clapham Park, with his coat turned inside out so that we wouldn't recognize him. Soon, however, Bert was becoming very interested in politics, and he decided that there was no time in his life for girls.

Later, as a shop assistant, he worked from eight in the morning until half past nine at night four days of the week, finishing at ten on Fridays and at midnight on Saturdays, all for ten shillings a week, living-in.

He used to beg me to give him clean collars and cuffs on special occasions but I did this only if he would clean the knives for me. "You have a beastly commercial mind," he answered—but he cleaned the knives.

Once he spent sixpence of his wages on having his bumps read by a street-corner phrenologist.

"What do you read?" asked the phrenologist.

"*Deadwood Dick, The Mysterious Gulch* and *Eastern Vengeance*," answered Bert.

"Never mind," the phrenologist replied. "It's better to read rubbish than to read nothing. But why not try history and economics? You've got a good head."

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 45

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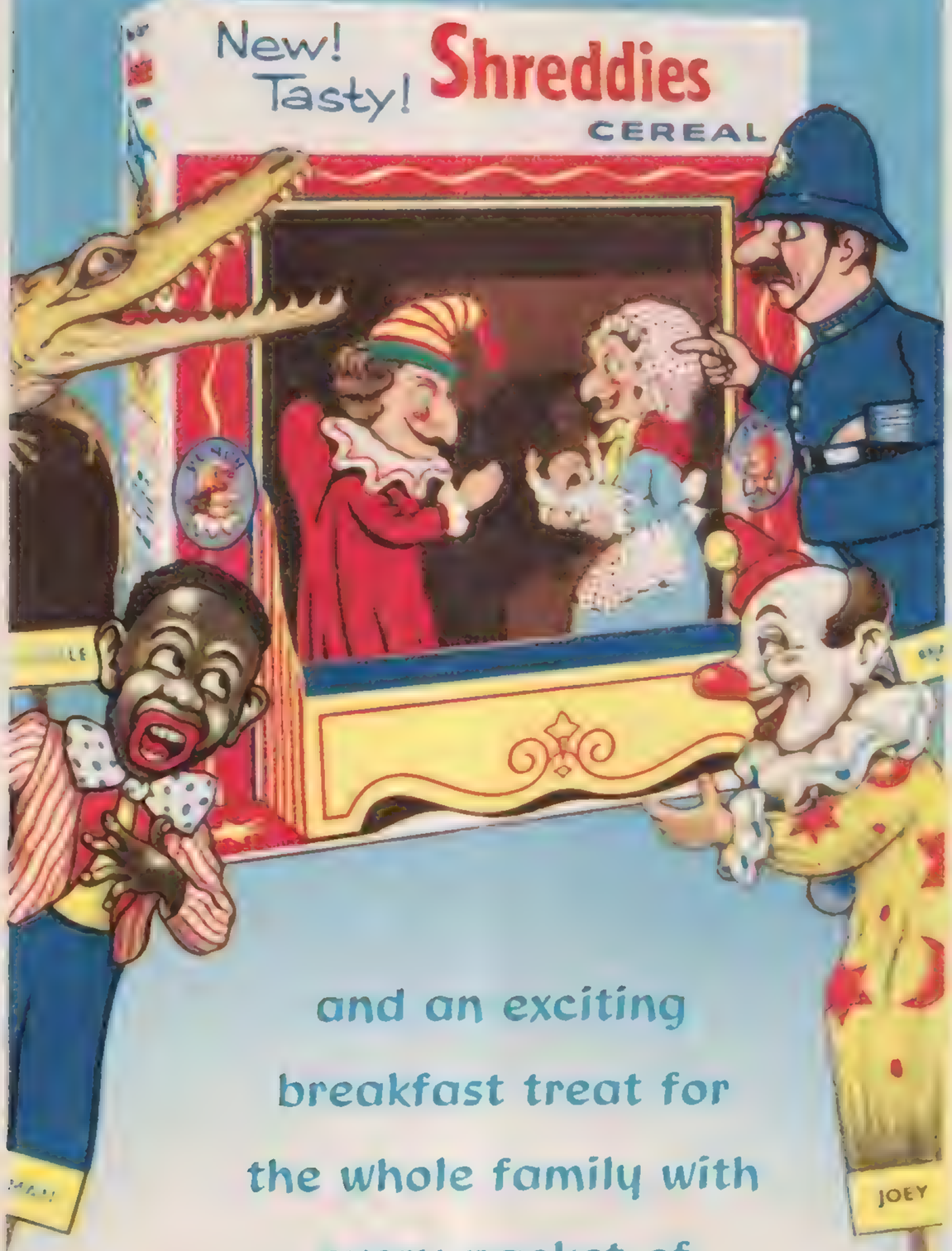

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conscious of her body, warm beside him on the divan, yet sad and forlorn at the same time. There were certain magics that two people could conjure up, certain aspects of despair that they could never surmount.

"It's three o'clock, already," he said. He bent and kissed her, blindly yet certainly. "A little time yet."

"The littlest time in the world . . . what will happen tomorrow—today?"

"We'll go round by this boat, make a landing at Fish Village, push our way through the forest, and find out what's happened at Shebiya."

"What do you think has happened?"

He lay back staring at the ceiling. "God knows. Anything . . . I don't give much for their chances, I'm afraid."

"So you'll be fighting?"

"We'll be fighting anyway."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"I shall be."

"But not too afraid?"

"No."

After a long, long pause, he felt her hand come out, and slide gently into his. "Darling," she said, in a much smaller voice, "I think I love you more than anything else in the whole world. I'm miserably afraid, David. I don't want you to be killed. Basically, I don't care about Pharamaul or Shebiya or even those poor Ronalds. I just care about you, and I don't want you to be shot or speared to death or drowned or lost in the jungle."

"None of those things is going to happen."

"They could."

"They won't. . . . I'll just be gone for two or three days, and then I'll come back and we'll be together again, like this."

"And we'll be married?"

"And we'll be married," David Bracken said. . . .

At the low ebb of five o'clock in the morning, David went aboard. The docks were dark and deserted. He walked towards a cluster of lights at the end of the main jetty, where many figures were moving, and a donkey-engine chugged busily, and the bows of a long white-painted ship emerged from the shadows like a trim ghost.

At the top of the gangplank, Simpson and Keith Crump were standing; Simpson was watching a troop-carrying truck being manhandled aboard near the stern. Crump, white-bandaged, his arm in a sling, was speaking to one of his sergeants, tapping meanwhile on a piece of paper. There was an open case containing a dozen Bren guns at his feet.

"How's it going?" David asked.

"Very well, so far," said Simpson rather grumpily. His manner was preoccupied; he was an expert, a man of affairs surrounded by amateurs and Bohemians. "That's the last troop-carrier. The men are all aboard, except the ones loading."

"How do you feel, Keith?" asked David, turning to Crump.

"Better," said Crump. He was still pale, but his air was brisk and confident. "Much better."

"Anything I can do?"

"Don't think so. We'll sail in about half an hour."

"Where's the owner?" asked David.

"Up on the bridge," answered Crump. "You might go up and say 'hallo' to him. He's an engaging old boy."

"How does he feel about all this?"

"Mad keen," answered Simpson. "I knew we wouldn't have any trouble. But his wife is still asleep. I gather she hasn't been told what this is all about. We've got to reassure her when she gets up."

"What are we meant to be doing, then?"

"Elephant hunting," said Simpson. "Very hazardous occupation. Even the beaters are armed to the teeth."

Up on the bridge, all was brilliance and light. The instruments gleamed, the glass was polished and dustless, the varnished woodwork immaculate. Just behind the wheel was a long-legged armchair, upholstered in light green nylon, and in it, playing idly with the controls, sat a small, chubby man, middle-aged, cherubic. He was dressed in blue jeans, a hand-painted cream sports shirt with a motif of flying fish, and a red baseball cap with Wander Lust stencilled on the peak.

At the sound of David's step, he turned. "Hallo there!" he said cordially. His spectacles gleamed and added welcome. "Glad to have you aboard."

"I'm David Bracken," said David, holding out his hand. "First Secretary at Government House. Mr. Loganquist?"

"Mr. Loganquist," agreed the cheerful owner. "Friends call me Logey. . . . Heard all about you, Dave."

"You have?"

"Heard how you drove down from Gamate like a bat out of hell. Good for you, Dave!"

"Thank you," said David.

The diesel yacht Wander Lust, 570 tons, cast off and set sail a little before six o'clock, sliding away from the jetty in tune with two low-voiced orders and a disembodied wave of the hand.

It grew light very gradually as they cleared harbour and set course, first north-east and then due north, for their destination. Looking round him with unprofessional eyes, as the daylight came and the whole ship emerged, David was put in mind of the unworthy phrase: "No expense spared."

This was evident in small things as well as big; in the solid sweep of the deck, the multiplicity of instruments in the bridge-house, the spotless ensign, the fibre-glass runabout hoisted amidships.

Mr. Loganquist appeared in the main saloon soon after nine. He had changed his shirt for a more subdued model made of tan corduroy, and he no longer wore a baseball cap, but he was as chubby and cheerful as ever.

Mrs. Loganquist supplied some of the reasons. She was a tall, tough-looking blonde, a good twenty years younger than her husband; her tailored cream slacks, elaborate hair-do, and brilliant make-up seemed to improve on the sunrise by several degrees of light.

Her first words were: "Hi! Good to see you all," and her next a raucous: "*Charlie!* Set 'em up!"

The steward appeared, beaming, with a tray bearing five gin slings. There appeared to be no choice, and no deviation possible; this was the mid-morning potion. When they had all taken their glasses, Mrs. Loganquist raised hers, with a wide hospitable sweep of her arm.

"Glad you came aboard," she proclaimed, and drank deep. They all followed suit.

The round of gin slings was the first of many; reality retreated, Shebiya was forgotten, while the five of them sat in the luxurious, gently rocking saloon of the Wander Lust, and celebrated their northward passage with drinking, talking, and vacuous smiles.

Presently, spurred on by their host, they all went out on deck, into the midday sunshine; rods were broken out, lines baited with a magnificent variety of chromium spinners, plastic lures, and monstrous painted insects, and they settled down to fish while Charlie brought successive fresh supplies of gin slings.

Mrs. Loganquist surveyed the surrounding frieze of troop-carriers, guns, and chattering native policemen, and remarked caustically: "Those animals sure must be *wild*." Mr. Loganquist, breathing into his glass, said: "Now honey!"

Wander Lust ploughed onwards, in steady power and pride; the final morning drink was served at three, and lunch at three thirty. At five they tottered below, intent on sleep. But a little later on it was time for more drinks—this time mint juleps, made and served with dedicated care by Charlie the steward, who poured the jiggers of bourbon on to the crushed ice and diced mint as if he were laying salve upon a wound.

Darkness came gradually, after a sunset of streaky, barbarous splendour which set the whole sea on fire. Presently the skipper stepped down into the saloon, surveyed the scene with sardonic approval, and said: "Folks, we've run a clear two hundred miles, by log. Must be getting mighty close. Yes, sir!"

Then they went out on deck, swaying gently, glasses in hand, to watch the nearing of the land, the mysterious growth of shadows, and the camp fires of Fish Village come twinkling out of the darkness towards them. Charlie appeared bearing a final round of mint juleps. It was a merry farewell to the sea, a most cordial greeting to the task ahead. . . .

In the event, it was easy. Burning dimmed navigation lights. Wander Lust cut her engines and came to a gentle stop, a hundred yards from the shore; Simpson, Crump, and twenty armed policemen crowded into the launch, and sped for the beach, cutting a swathe of rippling foam across the dark water.

On the bridge, the skipper remarked: "Nice going." Mr. Loganquist poured himself a long drink. Mrs. Loganquist, wearing a honey-blonde mink coat thrown carelessly over her slacks, said it was a hell of a way to hunt elephants, even for the English. David stood apart, staring through binoculars at the secret, unknown coast.

There was a long pause, of fifteen or twenty minutes; then a flashlight winked: one long beam, and then one, two, three short ones.

David dropped his glasses, and turned to the skipper. "All right," he said. "Let's go alongside."

"Are you sure?" asked the skipper. "There's half a million bucks tied up here. Not to speak of my nerves."

"Certain," answered David. "They're waiting for us."

"That's what I'm afraid of," said the skipper. But his hand on the telegraph was ready enough, as he rang for half-speed.

Crump, his white arm-sling gleaming in the darkness, was waiting on the rough wooden jetty, and two of his men, ready to take their lines, and a tall old Maula—the headman Pemboli.

The latter bowed as David jumped ashore. "I greet you," he said formally. "You are welcome to my village."

"Thank you, Chief," said David.

"Everything's all clear here," said Crump, in elaboration. "They know what's happened up at Shebiya, and they don't want to get mixed up in it. Pemboli had a sort of local curfew imposed, long before we arrived."

"Where's Simpson?"

"Here," said Simpson. His tall figure loomed up from the darkness at the end of the jetty; light flickered momentarily on the Sten gun slung over his shoulder. "Strictly according to plan."

"How was it?"

"Piece of cake. . . . Let's start the unloading."

Beyond them was a ring of fires, and drifting smoke, and many watchful figures—men, old women, small children aroused from sleep. There was a deep gloom over everything, a waterfront murkiness interwoven with the acrid night-smell of Africa. At first the village seemed off-season, unavailable, sulkily private, but then as they

MY BROTHER BERT

See page 43

Herbert Morrison, the Labour M.P. and a former Foreign Secretary, is Mrs. Edith Richards's famous brother

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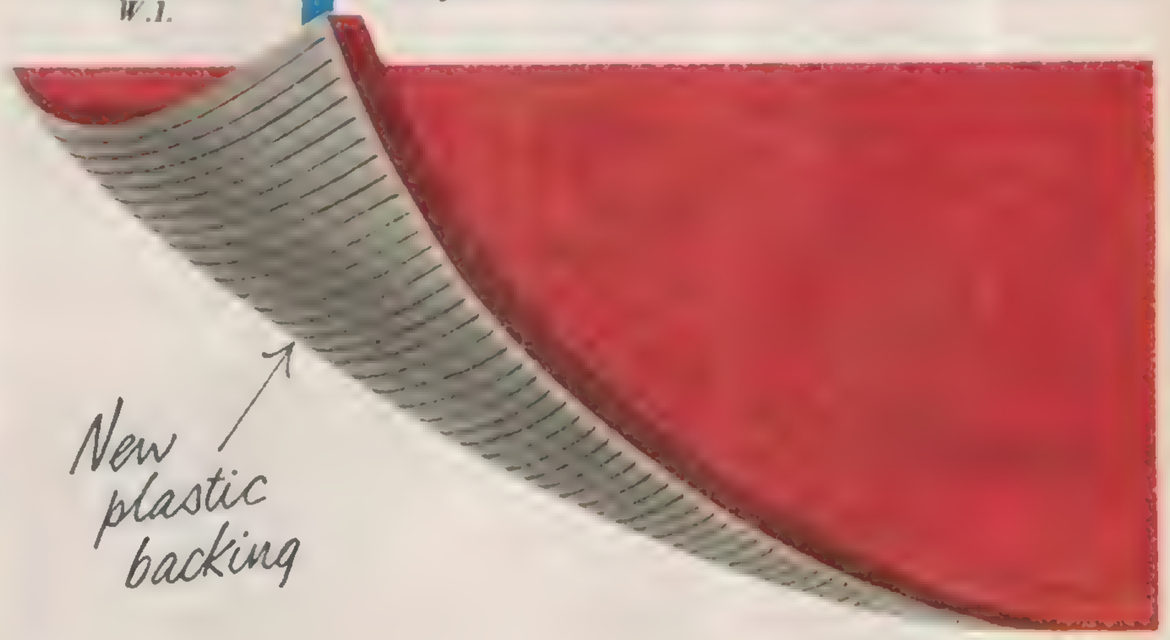

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began to unload the vehicles and the arms and the stores, men crept towards them and stood watching, and presently began to help, carrying, hauling, coaxing heavy burdens away from the policemen. It was as if there were some guilt which they had to shrive, and this humble task was the only way to do it.

Everything was ashore, and loaded into the trucks, within half an hour.

To David's surprise, Mrs. Loganquist kissed him warmly, by way of good-bye. "Good hunting, honey," she said. "But take care of yourselves, with all those wild animals. . . ."

Captain Simpson rode in the first car, the police jeep, with Crump's senior sergeant, a gigantic grey-haired Maula, at the wheel, and ten armed men at his back, and a Union Jack flying oddly and bravely at the jack-staff on the radiator. Crump himself came next, in the biggest troop-carrier, a ponderous three-ton Chevrolet truck, crammed to the roof with thirty men, a dozen drums of petrol and water, most of the stores, and all the ammunition.

David Bracken brought up the rear in the smaller troop-carrier; he drove it himself, with an eye on the twisting track and the two tail-lights ahead, an ear to the radio, and a rearguard of two Bren-gunners staring behind them, over the sights of their weapons, at the road disappearing into the darkness behind.

It was midnight when the convoy left Fish Village. Their advance was purposefully slow, timed so that they would reach Shebiya four hours later, at first light. But it would have been a slow journey anyway. The track was narrow, winding, and villainously rutted. Few cars of any sort had ever attempted the passage that they were making, and their way led through an untamed, invading forest.

By arrangement, the convoy halted at three o'clock, the three cars converging into a close-coupled unit as they came to a stop. Crump and Simpson were waiting for David as he walked forward to the jeep, standing within the rim of the headlights.

"Anything on the radio?" asked Simpson immediately.

"No," answered David. "Dead silence. Do you think we ought to try to make contact ourselves?"

Simpson shook his head. "No. They know well enough what we're doing, down at Port Victoria. The only worthwhile contact would be with Shebiya, and they've been silent for nearly two days now."

Crump leaned down to scratch at his bare knees, menaced by mosquitoes. From a crouching position he asked: "How far have we run? My speedometer hasn't been working for a long time."

"Twenty-four miles," answered Simpson. "About seven to go, and an hour's more darkness. The timing is just right."

"What's the plan?" asked David.

"We've got seven miles to go," repeated Simpson, "and we'll take them slowly." His tall figure in the headlights seemed to exude strength and efficiency. "After half an hour we'll douse our lights and move forward as quietly and slowly as possible—you could hear a car from two miles away, in this sort of country, on this sort of night, if you're properly alert.

"When we get there, we'll make one quick dash for it. You"—he looked at David—"will go straight to the police post. Find out what's happened to it. We had a corporal and four men there. If they're still alive, dig them out and take over the main square of the village. If they're not, stay where you are until we get back. You and I"—he was now looking at Crump—"will sprint straight through and down the road to the road-block. We'll take them in the rear, and by surprise. If they fight, we'll shoot it out. If they surrender, we'll bring them back to the police post, and join up with David. Then we'll see what's happened to the Ronalds."

"If this is to be our last stop, I think I'll get my chaps to check their weapons," Crump said.

"All right," agreed Simpson. "But as quietly as you can."

From nearby a night-bird screeched suddenly; farther off, a colony of baboons deep in the bush set up a sudden growling and chattering. Crump called his men out from the three cars, marshalled them by the side of the track, and went through a brief arms inspection. The clicking of bolts, the slapping of rifle-stocks, the glint of light on polished barrels, were all reassuring elements in the murderous forest.

Standing apart from this military display, Simpson spoke suddenly. "Have you done anything like this before?"

"Yes," said David. "I have."

"Good," rejoined Simpson. "So have I. But it was a long time ago."

"Where?" asked David.

"China," answered Simpson, surprisingly. "Pirates in the Yangtze Delta. But this is exactly the same sort of thing."

At that moment in the black, oppressive forest, they both believed that, with all their hearts. Yellow men in China, black warriors in Pharamaul—they were all the same men, the men not on your side, the men who wanted to kill you, tear you into bloody strips. If you got there first, with guns blazing, trigger-fingers light and ready as thistledown, you would be alive to talk big about it next morning. If not, not.

A few minutes later they started off again. Time passed and then, suddenly, swiftly, they were plunging through the last uphill mile, towards the dawn that was to show them their target, and the clearing in the jungle that was Shebiya.

The pace quickened as the trees thinned; the track widened for them, until they were racing along at the full speed and power of the trucks, in a fierce effort to surprise the enemy and to strike.

The steady roar and rasp of the three engines seemed to fill the forest; the drivers crouched over the bucking wheels, the armed policemen peered out, ahead and to the side and behind them, their weapons cocked, their fingers ready.

Then there was a break in the line of trees, a stretch of smoother track, and the convoy burst out into the open clearing.

The village awoke all round them—men, women, dogs, goats, children, all coming to astonished life; then, just as swiftly, it stiffened into immobility again. The mangy dogs barked once and no more; the men who came running from their huts with spears froze against their doorways.

DAVID'S car, the last of the three, veered off sideways towards the police post, while the jeep and the big troop carrier sped onwards. David brought his truck to a sharp stop, wheels skidding in the yellow dust. His men tumbled down and turned outwards, as they had been trained to do, daring any human within sight to advance, or retreat, or play them false.

But no one stirred. Especially at the police post, no one stirred at all; no flag flew, no sentry came forward; the windows in the whitewashed huts were blank. There was a sweet smell of death, a remembered smell, all over the post, all over the village square.

David posted his guards round the clearing, took two men, and walked up the pathway, his Sten gun clenched in his hands. . . .

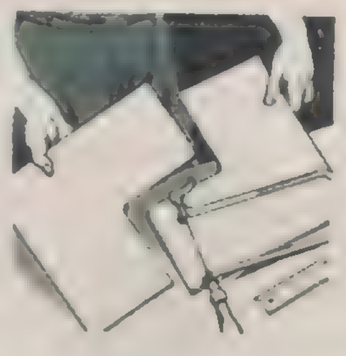
The two leading cars, the jeep with its Union Jack, the truck with its thirty men, roared onwards, lumbering and bucking like small ships in a twisting sea. They ran a racketing mile, then another; their rendezvous could not be long delayed.

Suddenly, at a sharp curve of the road, Simpson stood up, pointed, and shouted: "There they are!"

To be concluded next week

Make yourself at home

Each week, JOHN BULL pays five guineas for the best original and practical "do-it-yourself" home hint from a reader. Those selected are illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



FROM seven-ply wood and six lengths of ¾-in. iron rod I made two useful tables. I cut the wood into L-shaped pieces. One end of each iron rod I heated, flattened, bent over to form splayed legs, and drilled for screws. By boring and using adhesive, I fixed solid rubber balls to the other ends of the rods. I screwed on the legs and now have two tables which can also be used together as an occasional table or corner stand, or separately as coffee tables.
—*F. S. Parkinson, Hornby, Lancaster.*

Hylda Baker's gossip tops the bill

Continued from page 23

she has no use for money as such. She lives well, tips heavily and entertains lavishly.

To celebrate her Prince of Wales contract, she threw a party for the staff and cast of the South Pier show. The main course consisted of fish and chips and champagne. Subsequent drinks brought the bill to £74. She was delighted when her colleagues borrowed a "prop" crown and invested her as "Queen of the Pier."

The daughter of a music hall comic called Harold Baker, Hylda was born in Farnworth, in Lancashire, on February 4, 1908. She had six brothers and sisters and lived sometimes at home, sometimes with her grandparents and sometimes at a boarding school in Eastbourne. When she was three, her father taught her the Lancashire clog dance. At ten he saw her singing and dancing at a concert for wounded soldiers. On the strength of it, he got her her first part at the Opera House, Tunbridge Wells.

"I had to appear at the magistrates' court every Monday morning so that they could see I was well-nourished. I went to school during the day and performed in the evening." At fourteen, she was earning £25 a week as a child prodigy.

A year later, her father decided she ought to learn a trade and sent her to a tailoring factory in Bolton. "I found it too monotonous. There wasn't enough to occupy my mind." Also, her weekly earnings had dropped sharply to a mere 25s.

After six months she went back to show business and at fifteen and a half became leading lady in a revue called *Jingles*.

Except for two breaks when she set up as an advertising agent and bought a family fish and chip shop from her aunt, Hylda has remained in show business all her life. She thinks it amusing that she is now typed as a Lancashire comedian. "For four years, I played exclusively in the south and when I went back to Manchester I was so frightened that I madly rehearsed my Lancashire accent on the train." Surprisingly, she now speaks with an American accent.

In spite of her present success, colleagues believe that Hylda is fundamentally a lonely woman. Although she surrounds herself with acquaintances, she has few real friends.

Her most constant companions are two capuchin monkeys called Mickey and Coco. They share her dressing-room and are allowed absolute freedom in her home. They nibble gladioli, sip soda-water from the syphon and scribble on her best notepaper. Hylda herself confesses: "They are like children to me."

The future is bright for Hylda. After two weeks in variety at the Prince of Wales, Bernard Delfont has an option on her services for the subsequent Folies Bergères show. In case of failure, she has an offer from George and Alfred Black for her own show in Blackpool next summer. "If I don't conquer the south, I can come north. It's so wonderful, I can hardly believe it."

With American and further British television offers in the air, prospects are bright. But whatever the future holds, friends are confident that Hylda will rise to the occasion. Last year a performer at Blackpool's North Pier fell ill and Hylda agreed to take her place. Twice a night, as soon as she finished her act at the Queen's Theatre, she dashed out to a waiting taxi and changed during the short journey.

There was so little time to spare that a wheelchair was kept waiting at the pier gate. By running with her all the way to the theatre at the far end of the pier, an attendant ensured that Hylda still had enough breath to go on.

"I have more energy than a girl of eighteen," she says. THE END

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BEST OF ALL – BUY AN ALL-WOOL CARPET

I prefer lions

Continued from page 19

to follow or to turn back into the ring.

I caught him a sound smack on the nose with my whip. He let out a roar and withdrew his head, giving us time to thrust a plank into the opening.

The directress was dancing up and down in a frenzy and kept repeating to her husband: "Did you see that?" And to me: "You must be more careful—he's a bad fellow, that lion."

"*Oh là, là,*" said my groom. "Madame gets excited—she thinks Guieto will eat all the horses. . . ."

Coming down through Lapland, at a town called Gällivare, a telegram arrived one day at the circus, shortly before I was due to go into the ring. Baptista came to me after my act, and told me that my mother had died. The funeral would be in a few days' time. Baptista was awfully kind, and took me to her hotel, where she refused to leave me alone, saying and doing everything to make me feel less unhappy.

It would have been impossible to reach St. Annes from Lapland in time for the funeral, so I sent telegrams explaining that I could not attend. Although I had been expecting this for quite a long time, it came as a shock. It was probably a good thing that we travelled very quickly after that, and I had less time to feel unhappy and alone.

I was very pleased when we eventually arrived in Stockholm for a three weeks' stay. The cubs were doing fine and getting strong, and to stop in one place would be good for all the animals.

A pleasant surprise awaited me at the opening night in Stockholm. Bertram Mills came to see my act. Luckily that night I received full co-operation from my lions, who put on a splendid show. Mills inspected the menagerie to have a closer look at the lions. He found them in fine condition.

LATER we went to supper together. He told me he had never seen such healthy-looking lions, and that he would like to book my act for the circus at Olympia, London, at Christmas. A few days later the contract was signed, and I sailed for England to join the circus at its winter training quarters at Ascot.

Bertram Mills had ordered new stools with chromium tubing and bright red tops for the lion act. I had to practise daily for a month before I could persuade the lions to accept them. Patience, and chunks of meat, did the trick, but at one time I was sure I'd never be ready for Olympia, and several times I thought the lions were going to attack me.

I think my performance at Olympia was quite successful. If you watch the audience closely while the quick attendants carry in the sections of steel-caging and the big hamper containing the net, you will notice that the cigarettes burn unheeded and chocolates are temporarily forgotten as ears strain to catch a distant roar. The house-lights sink slowly to dusk and then the spotlights come into life, sweeping the ring.

Although people will believe the old superstition that the animals are doped, they still shrink back as a snarling lion or tiger springs after the trainer, and many times I have seen them move farther back, despite the bars between themselves and the animals.

I used one or two tricks that quite upset people sitting in the front row near me. In fact, two friends of mine from the north were so scared that Guieto was going to spring on me that they had to leave their seats.

One evening my groom called a sharp: "Look out!" And there was Granada crouched down, wiggling like a cat when it sees a mouse, ready to spring at me. I challenged her and she slunk away. A lion-tamer can never relax.

During this time I had gone about a lot with a very attractive Mexican wire-walker, Manuel Mijares, and he was trying to persuade me to marry him. This was a very hard problem for me to solve because it meant giving up my excellent contract and going with him to his brother's circus in Sweden.

"I hope that's a really big tree by the time you visit us again"

Bertram Mills tried to persuade me not to go, but when one falls in love one sees only the rosy side of things. Eventually I did go with Manuel to get married. Bertram Mills bought the lions, and it nearly broke my heart to leave them.

When I arrived at the Circus Mijares in Sweden, I returned to horse riding and doing all sorts of odd jobs. In a circus one must be able to sell tickets or sausages, ride, or even present the elephants; it's a many-sided life.

After a year, my son was born. He was a very good baby. He ate when we ate, slept when we slept; in fact, he was a grand little circus trouper.

One of the most attractive things about the circus is the quiet home-life going on all round. Circus people are very interested in their wagons, and visitors are usually surprised at the comfort inside them.

Circus children are, to my mind, much healthier than children from normal homes. They eat the food of the grown-ups at a very early age, and you may find an eighteen-month-old baby tackling goulash or spaghetti. Tummy troubles seem fewer, and flat feet are never heard of.

The menagerie is often a forbidden place for circus children, and the big top is not a playground. Discipline is very important and children must obey. When parents practise, the children sit still and watch.

Practice-mornings are not always easy for the children. They are not ill-treated. Far from it. No parents dash quicker to fetch a doctor, or take a temperature at the slightest symptoms of illness. But practice is practice.

My son Juanito at seven years old was learning to walk the wire. He didn't fall off for the simple reason that he dared not, and in an amazingly short time he mastered the difficult steps. . . .

I once had to chase ten Bengal tigers round and round a ring in Brussels—and I did not find it an amusing pastime at all. It was deadly dangerous from beginning to end.

The director of the Circus Sarrasani, where I was then working in Dresden, asked me to go as soon as possible to his other permanent circus in Brussels and there take over his ten tigers.

When I arrived at the circus a groom took me to see the tigers and told me their names. I spent the rest of that morning studying them. They were ten beautiful tigers, but all so alike. I wondered very much what they were like to handle. The groom kept supplying information and told me about a recent film they had performed in, but he seemed nervous about something and kept glancing over his shoulder. I felt suddenly a funny atmosphere around me and for the first time I began to suspect that all was not as it should be.

That evening I watched the show and saw a bullet-headed fellow present the tiger group very automatically.

The next morning I arrived, dressed in my practice clothes—beige riding-breeches, white shirt and black boots. I waited a full hour before the trainer turned up—the same bullet-head now concealed under a small beret.

He said a very curt "Good morning!" and told the groom to send in the tigers. I saw that several of the artists had gathered in the seats nearby and were watching curiously.

BORES—5

A bore is a man who spends so much time talking about himself that you can't talk about yourself.

Melville D. Landon

The tigers came stealthily down the runway and into the cage, and began the usual "tiger pacing" back and forth in the ring. The cage looked absolutely full of these handsome striped creatures, occasionally raising a nose and purring softly.

I had expected the trainer to open the gate and go in first to place each tiger on its stool before we made the round of introductions, so necessary to allow them to look me over. But we entered together, and then he told me to put the tigers on their stools.

How could I? I'd no idea which was which, or where they sat. I told him that I refused to "place" a herd of tigers who did not know me at all. That seemed to amuse him, and he strode forward and sent them scuttling to their places.

Seeing the directress enter and sit down, I felt like a person being thrown to the lions, only these were tigers.

"Well," I asked the trainer, "what do you want me to do now?"

"Control them!" he bellowed, as if he were at Speakers' Corner, Hyde Park. "And first you must make the tigers run in front of you, round and round the cage."

Then I realized that this man was jealous of giving up the tigers and was determined that I should not have them.

I turned to the trainer again, to make quite sure. "Did you say: 'Run these tigers round the cage'?"

He nodded.

This was the time to take off the silk gloves and get down to it. I picked up a bucket from the side of the ring, and approached the first in the row of ten tigers.

I didn't approach him quietly, I approached him with a rush, at the same time hitting the bucket with the butt of my whip. It's an old trick which can usually move the most stubborn animal.

The tiger stared at me and snarled. I backed up a little as he lashed out at me with his huge paw. I went after him a second time, banging on the bucket, and, to the tiger's great horror, a slap on the cage right at his back. This caused him to stand up and snarl.

"Come on!" I said, waving the bucket in his face. He did exactly as I had expected—he took a leap off that stool. Using the bucket like a drum, I followed him up, calling all the time: "*Allez!* Come on!"

And, exactly as though drawn by a magnet, the other nine began to leave their places and follow the first one, who was off at a trot, darting glances over his shoulder, with flattened ears and snarling mouth.

The trainer stood in the middle, but by now I was cross and the tigers were going round that cage even if there were twenty of them, as long as I thought fit.

I drove them round, following them up with cracks of my whip and shouts. The minute one tried to crouch down, I went after it and I think that luck must have been with me because that mass of treacherous tigers trotted round the ring like a flock of sheep.

As I passed the runway, where the groom was standing, I signalled for him to open the door and let the tigers out.

I REFUSED to work under these conditions and left. Later I had an offer from another circus to go to Norway and Sweden. There I travelled with six tigers, among them, the biggest attraction of all—a wire-walking tiger, Rajah, which had never before been seen in that part of Europe.

During my enforced stay in Sweden, I not only rode horses again, but I also presented a troupe of Dalmatian dogs, which I found a great deal harder than lions or tigers.

Things went on fairly peacefully until I realized that something was wrong and that Manuel, on whom I so much depended, had fallen in love with a very young and blonde girl in Stockholm while he was working with his act there. I tried as hard as I could to save things from breaking our little home, but it was impossible, and soon I found myself practically alone.

I went to the winter quarters of the circus which had engaged me, and practised twice a day to get a lion act ready for the summer season. At last it was time for the première, which was in the old university town of Lund.

It was a huge circus and had many animals, but it was untidy and tatty, with rather a careless atmosphere.

The circus was very pleased with my act, and the newspapers wrote nice things about it. I was grateful for all the hard training I had had in France.

Everything went along quite happily until they hired me out to another circus, a smaller one, with a director who definitely did not believe that women could control lions.

I knew things were going to be difficult, and they were, all that summer. When we arrived in Gothenburg three cubs were born to the lioness who was not in the act. Her name was Loulou

and she was the wife of Max. The director had put up a notice saying that the lion cubs were on view, and was already selling tickets.

I was furious, of course, and refused to open Loulou's cage. I told the director that I wasn't going to expose the cubs for several days, and that he must refund the ticket money. He refused to do this, so I went back to the menagerie and explained the situation to the crowds. They saw my point and turned away, disappointed and cross with the management.

One night in Vänershorn I had just finished changing after my act when a frightful scream rent the air. Everything seemed to stop still, including my heart. Then there was a loud knocking on my door and I opened it to see a Negress from one of the acts standing there.

"What is it?" I shouted at her, already feeling nervous that one of my new lions had escaped.

"A man, a man," she cried, "his thumb's gone."

I jumped the wagon steps in one leap. I thought Max, a huge, black-maned lion, was free, and couldn't imagine anything worse. I rushed into the menagerie and automatically I glanced towards the wagons. No lion was missing. "What's the matter?" I asked the groom. "What's happened?"

And then he told me that one of the extra men he had got to help him had not obeyed his instructions. As they were separating the wagons, the man had unfortunately let his thumb creep round the corner into Pasha's cage, and Pasha had removed it.

The instructions to the men who helped temporarily always were: "Place your hands flat on the end of the wagon. Never hold the bars."

I gave the man some brandy and sent him to hospital at once.

One evening in our next town I had completed my act when suddenly the ringmaster cried out: "Look out! He's coming back!"

It was Max again, charging fast down the runway. The gate of the runway stood open and I saw in a second that if he came through it would not be into the ring, as much of the cage had already been taken down. The spectators were already breaking from their places in a wave of panic.

I flung myself at the runway entrance, grabbed the door and managed to slam it, just in the nick of time. I think Max was probably the most dangerous lion performing in Europe at that time and it would have been carnage indeed had he got loose among all those people.

IT is a very big mistake to start to run if you see a lion. He will immediately chase you. If a lion or tiger escapes, keep your seat, be quiet, don't give him all the fun of running after you. Very probably he will stalk past your seat, so look at ease—not petrified—or he will notice it. Relax when the next lion walks past you.

Max later became very irritable. Each night his movements grew slower and more resentful. Each night he tried to attack the other animals and I knew that I would have some kind of trouble with him before very long.

One night he was the top lion of a final group. He was very high up above me, and he knew it, so he decided not to descend from his pedestal when I called "*Platz*, Max! To your place!"

He stood and snarled softly, without making any noise, just rolling his lip back. His eyes were absolutely emerald-green and vicious. I walked round and round him, but he just followed me with his eyes, still making no attempt to come down.

I flicked at him lightly with the plaited end of my whip, but that had no effect so I flicked a bit harder, hitting his back paws, which he lifted up, one after the other. The plaited end of my whip is very light and it certainly would not hurt his toes. Max knew this, snarled again, and made a grab at it with his long claws.

The performance was already a full minute beyond its time and in a travelling circus this can be very important. I turned to my groom. "Give me the fork," I said. This was a special implement like a blunt hay-fork used by lion-trainers. It is often used for moving animals' paws during training. I lifted the fork in both hands, but still Max refused to budge.

The audience was laughing, obviously thinking this was some comic part of the act, but I knew that it was going to be a showdown between Max and me. *All right*, I thought. *You shall go out last tonight, Max.*

As soon as Max saw the other lions scampering away, he began to descend in terrible wrath and majesty. At last he got his two front paws on the ground. I didn't hurry him, but I watched him closely. With a twitch of his lip that would have done credit to a film villain, Max rose on his back legs, swung round and struck out.

I was standing too close. I had a sudden feeling of pins and needles all up my arm, as though I had hit it hard against the wall. I switched my whip round—as animal-trainers do in such emergencies—and struck him hard on the nose. It was one of the heftiest smacks I've ever given any of my lions, but I knew it was necessary, because there was no doubt that he was about to launch an attack.

I saw a great blur of tawny movement as Max clawed at me again. I stepped sharply back and he followed, crouching. I had the cage almost at my back and no way of escape. The audience was very quiet, believing, I suppose, that this was some kind of thrilling finish.

There was only one thing to do and that was to back him with a repeated tattoo of little smacks on each side of his nose. I tried to guide him back to his stool. I had never realized what an enormous lion he was.

Not until we were half-way across the ring did I feel that my left hand was sticky, and glancing down I saw blood running from it, dripping on to my breeches and boots.

At last Max climbed on to his stool and sat there staring towards the runway, waiting to be let out.

The audience had now come to the conclusion that this was not part of the show, and began to applaud. I acknowledged the applause automatically. I began to feel a pain in my left hand now, and pulling out my handkerchief I pressed it around my hand. I could not see if I had covered the wound because I dared not take my eyes off Max.

A great feeling of relief rose in me as I realized what a near shave I had had. Had I not been so quick to hit him on the nose, he would have flown at me—and then it would have been too late.

"Simon," I called to my groom, "I'm sending Max out now."

Cautiously backing, I opened the runway door. The second it was open out streaked Max. Then I left the cage by my door. My arm was stitched and put in a sling, and I had an anti-tetanus injection. At seven thirty in the morning my groom woke me.

I told him that I should be performing that night as usual, and asked him to tell the director.

That evening, feeling unusually ill and having suddenly discovered that I had a temperature of 104 degrees, I shakily got dressed.

Luckily, everything went off all right—Max seemed to have quite forgotten the incident—and I continued to perform, feed and care for the animals as usual for a whole week, in spite of my very high temperature.

WHEN we arrived at the somewhat larger town of Värnamo, I decided it was time I went to the hospital and got the stitches taken out.

I felt extremely dizzy, but made an effort to pull myself together. Unluckily, I was not clever enough to deceive the doctor. He took my temperature, and finding it was 103 deg. and that I had a nasty skin rash, said: "We're going to keep you here. You're dangerously ill."

"I can't help it," I replied. "I've got to see my lions unloaded at the railway. I couldn't lie down in any bed till I've done that."

He saw my point, and gave me an injection to help me over the next hour or two, if I promised not to carry on after that. I telephoned a friend at Karlskoga-Bofors, and told her what the doctor had said. She insisted that I should stay at her flat until I was well. I had a nasty form of serum sickness, and had to cancel my contracts. . . .

On occasions even lions can be exasperating. One Saturday night, during the performance at Olympia, they refused to sit still on their stools and were as restless as a bunch of cats when they know you've just put a packet of kippers in the pantry. Therefore, on the Sunday morning there was nothing else for it but to have the cage put up, take them in, and make them all sit on their stools. Just sit quietly, nothing else, while I read the Sunday paper, sitting on a stool in the middle of the ring.

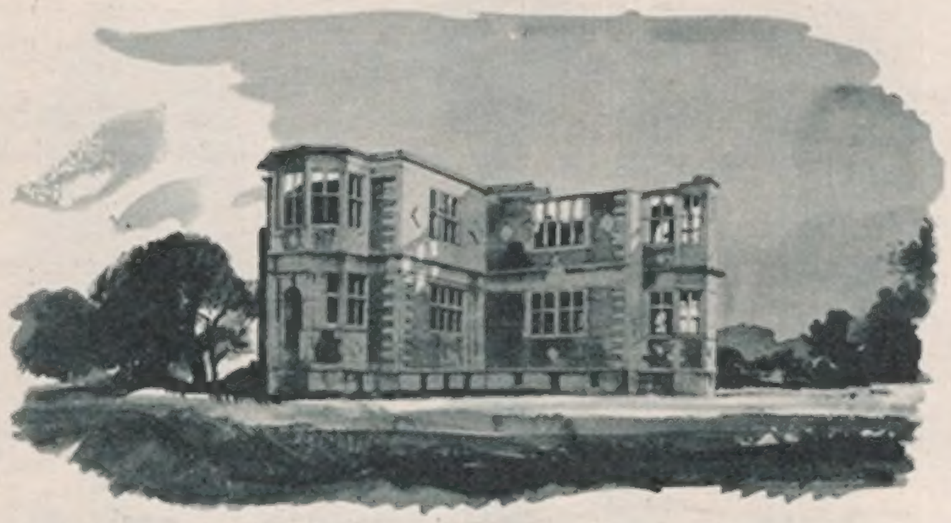
That was detention, and they knew it. And I am glad to say it proved effective. On the Monday night they all behaved admirably. But I must admit that I find something to admire very much in the haughty way they ignore people and mind their own business. THE END

Patricia Bourne's life-story will be published this month as a book, price 18s., by William Kimber, under the title, "Thank You, I Prefer Lions."

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



Loyalty to lost causes brought tragedy to the Treshams. Their legacy: a house without a roof

THE Tresham family came to grief because of their excessive loyalty to hopeless causes and old régimes. Sir Thomas Tresham III—so called to distinguish him from his grandfather and great-great-grandfather of the same name and title—was always in trouble. In Queen Elizabeth's reign he reverted to Roman Catholicism and constantly sheltered missionary priests at his Northamptonshire houses of Rushton and Lyveden.

In 1577 he was tried in the Star Chamber, and his superior knowledge of divinity so infuriated his judges that they gave him a longer sentence of imprisonment than they might otherwise have done. He was confined for seven years first in Fleet Prison and then in his own house. Later he was imprisoned twice more and when released was obliged to pay enormous annual fines.

After his last imprisonment Sir Thomas began building a new house at Lyveden. It was never finished because in September, 1605, he died and his son, Francis, who inherited his estates, survived him by only three months.

Lyveden New Building, as it is called, is now owned by the National Trust. It has never had a roof and looks today just as Sir Thomas III left it. It is shaped like a cross, with four arms of the same size, and upon a frieze which runs round the whole building Sir Thomas introduced the symbols of Our Lord's Passion. The instruments, ladder, hammer, nails, as well as Judas's moneybag surrounded by thirty pieces of silver, the sword with Malchus's severed ear attached to it and the seamless garment between three dice, are all beautifully carved in stone.

Sir Thomas II, the grandfather, was one of the first Catholics to join Mary Tudor, whom he proclaimed queen at Northampton in 1553. On Elizabeth's accession all his honours were forfeited. Sir Thomas I was Speaker of the House of Commons and Comptroller to Henry VI. His loyalty to the memory of his deceased monarch led to his being beheaded by Edward IV.

Young Francis's fate was sadder still. On his father's death he conspired with Guy Fawkes. Not content with this folly, he betrayed the whole Gunpowder Plot by warning his brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle, not to attend the House of Lords on November the fifth. He was arrested and conveniently died within a matter of weeks of a "natural sickness."

How to get there: Lyveden New Building is five miles from Oundle. *Open:* on application at the caretaker's cottage.

This £1500 CASH – yours this week for 2,3 or 4 WORDS

Christmas Turkeys and Fowls Galore

PRIZE-MONEY already paid for *Bullets* is well over £1,500,000. Christmas dinners won in *Bullets* run into hundreds of tons. But what naturally interests you most is what *you* can win this week with your coupon below.

It can be £1,500, or £300, or any of those 49 cheques listed, with *all* of which go selected Christmas turkeys or fowls. And that *label* below will bring you a FREE Christmas gift if posted as directed with your £1,500 *Bullets* coupon by Monday, November 12!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Most meritorious of the £300 plus—" First Prize " Bullets " in Contests 2,061 to 2,066 wins £1,500 cash—the First Prize cheque with Tournament Award added.

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30 of £2—each plus 3 lb. XMAS FOWL,
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THIS WAY TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

We Love Peace, So	That Chap, Jones
In The Suez Cauldron	It's Our Very Own, So
Too Much Television	Sold
Like Old Canute	Baby-sitter Auntie
Feast Of Good Things	With Gusto
Breathing Defiance	From The Well Of Truth
Mars Reared His Head And	Drip, Drip, Drip
Started Something	To Sleep
Dagger In The Back	Alice In Wonderland
Downtrodden Worker	If Drinks Were Free

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The Prize Is.....	Model.....
.....At The Meeting	..... Favourite
Uproar In.....	Holding ..... Up

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated December 8), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 24, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,064 result.)

POST ENTRY : "Bullets" 2,064, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FREE CHRISTMAS GIFT

TO qualify for 3-in-1 Xmas Presentation I enclose this Label (stamped 2½d. for postage) with 5 or more *Bullets* for Competition 2,064.
(Not more than one Gift allowed per entrant)

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CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 2,059

FIRST PRIZE, £300 (or £1,250 if Tournament winner) plus Sewing Machine or Tool Chest: A. T. Dance, 39 Torrington Street, Grimsby:

Those Foreigners—Villagers *Welcome*—"Ampere," "Ohm"!

£25: F. E. Smyth, "Mountview," Carnlea, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim: IF WE DO GET TO MARS—NEW "EVERESTS"—*And* "CANALS"?

£10: W. Lapish, 10 Wensor Avenue, Lenton Abbey, Nottingham: IN THE RACE FOR A—RISE—LOSING "SELLING RACE"?

OTHER AWARDS: £9: E. W. Hughf, 43 Torrens Road, Sunderland: SPOT OF BOTHER—MIGHT "REMOVE" OUR *Petrol*! £8: H. High, 51 Edilom Road, Crumpsall, Manchester: THE GENTLE SEX—"*Wedding March*" TOUGHENS, SOMEHOW! £7: Mrs. J. Hibberd, 29 Deveron Street, Huntly, Aberdeen: DOOR TO BANG—MADE NASSER "BIG NOISE"! £6: T. H. Scott, 126 Park Avenue North, Northampton: OUT OF A BLAZING—AIRCRAFT, DESIGNERS "PULLING" *Safety*? £5: Mrs. H. Arthur, 16 Speers Road, New Parks Estate, Leicester: IN THE RACE FOR TRADE—*Santa* JUST PIPPED *Fawkes*! £5: Miss G. Bonnici, 78 Inglefield Street, Glasgow: OUT OF A CHANCE—REMARK, CAME REMARKABLE CHANCE! £5: C. Cole, 36 Manchester Street, Southampton: IN THE RACE FOR TRADE—"TEA" DELAYING BRITAIN'S "CLIPPERS"?

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

(Tournament winner will be announced in JOHN BULL dated November 17.)

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A WORD OF ADVICE TO WOMEN

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If a woman wants to keep well and retain her looks and complexion, she ought to be careful about the medicine she takes.

For one thing she needs something which is gentle and which, without any drastic purging, will clear away poisonous wastes from her system which often make the complexion muddy, ruin her looks and help to bring on Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

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That's why women ought to take Juno-Junipah. Juno-Junipah is different from ordinary salts. It contains pure oil of Juniper.

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A fortnightly application is the safe, easily applied precaution. SULEO is pleasant, undetectable - all the family should use SULEO

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